ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. Philadelphia, September 14, 1839. **Whole No. 946.**

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

LINES TO MISS C—— Y——.

I saw thee, when spring's budding flowers,
Had shed their perfume far,
To glad me in my lonely hours,
As 'neath misfortunes jar
It chanced so beat my weary form,
When friends had ceased to be,
Who withered 'neath the winter storm,
Thou wert unknown to me.

I saw thee when the summer sun,
Had passed the noontide hour,
As thou wert bounding on the green,
To seek thy favorite bower;
To pass the hours in mirth and song,
In dreams of future bliss,
Whilst gaily pass the hours along,
Undim'd by cares like this.

I know thee now, and o'er my life,
Hope's richest sunshine flings,
The passing hours with rapture rife
On pleasure's golden wings;
And ne'er shall sorrow cloud my brow,
Whilst thou art known to me,
My years shall pass as smooth as now,
When e'er I think of thee.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1839. J. S. C.

HOME REVISITED.

BY THOMAS MILLER, BASKET MAKER.

"Home Revisited" is a trite theme, and has been illustrated by many a sweet and pleasing pen;—never so happily as now.

"The commonest objects," observes the writer, "become endeared to us by absence; things which we before scarcely deigned to notice are then found to possess strange charms, bringing to the memory many a *forgotten* incident, and to the heart many an old emotion, to which they had been dormant for years. Never did those thoughts and feelings come upon me more strongly than when, a few months ago, I left London to visit my native home—to place my feet upon the very hearth-stone by which I had sat when a boy. Mine was no affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad, wild eagerness to look upon the old woods and green hills which had been familiar to me from childhood, and to which my mind had so often sailed on the dreamy wings of pleasure, asleep or awake, just as fancy wandered. The old house was still the same, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied twenty years ago. There was no change, saving that they appeared to look older—somehow more venerable; but the alteration was more to myself than the objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days; it seemed to have lost that sharp, clear clicking with which it had greeted mine ears when a child; and when it told the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years. I looked upon the brass figures which ornament the old clock-face, until fancy began to trace a resemblance between myself and them. In former days they looked bright and gladsome; they seemed not to bend under the huge load they supported; but now they have a care-worn look about them, and what they seemed to bear once with a playful grace, now hangs upon them like a burden. Their brows, too, seemed heavy, as if they had passed away long years in painful thought. The gilt balls, which decorate the tall case, were tarnished; the golden worlds into which my fancy had so often conjectured them, were gone; the light that played around them in other days was dimmed; the sunshine rested upon them no longer. I heard the clock chains slipping at intervals, as if they could not keep pace with time; they seemed weary with long watching; they could no longer keep a firm foot-hold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many years. I looked on these ancient figures, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out to me my hours of pleasure. They no longer told the time when my play-fellows would call upon me to wander into the green fields; they warned me that it was nearly the hour for the delivery of letters, and I became anxious to hear from those whom I had left nearly two hundred miles behind me;—another wave and other cares came before me. I called Memory a coward for thus reverting to the past. I summoned him before me, and he stood up in my own likeness—a boy who had seen but twelve summers. I looked upon him, and saw that he was unworthy of the notice of Care; that Sorrow disdained to buckle her load upon his back, but gave him his own thoughts for play-things to amuse himself with, until he could learn the great game of life. I saw why the tempest passed over him harmlessly, for, like a lowly plant, he had no bulk to oppose to its might; and had only, after long years, become a mark for the storm, with bole and branches strong enough to wrestle against its power. "The finger of heaven," exclaimed I, "guideth all things aright." My eye fell upon the old mirror into which I had looked twenty years ago—on which I had gazed when a child, and marvelled how another fire and another room could stand within the compass of so small a frame. It gave me neither flattery or welcome, but gravely threw me back, seated by the same hearth which I had so often crawled over with the mishapen figures of men and monsters, when a boy. We confronted each other with a familiar boldness, as if proud that we had stood the wear-and-tear of time so well. We looked seriously, but not unkindly, upon each other. The image in the mirror seemed as if it would have accosted me, and had much to utter; but its lips became compressed, as if it scorned to murmur. It gave back another form for a moment; a lovely maiden stood arranging her ringlets before it; but that was only fancy, for I remembered she had long been dead. The very crack which I had made along the looking glass, when a boy, with my ball, seemed like a landmark dividing the past from the present. I could have moralised for hours on that old mirror. On the wall hung the large slate, on which I ventured to write my first couplet.—What I then wrote was easily obliterated; my ragged jacket-cuff was the willing critic that passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone all the brighter after the deed. I knew not that such men as authors lived; every book was taken up without a suspicion of its lacking truth; and, strange as they might seem, I felt proud in the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out to my playmates the green rings which the fairies had made on the grass; tell them the very colors which the elfins wore, or show them a valley which resembled that wherein Sinbad gathered his diamonds.—Ignorance was then bliss indeed!"

"Then there was that old tea-board with the stately lady in a garden on the centre, herself overtopping every tree. But that tray was only used on rare occasions—real 'white-cake days,' when some cousin or aunt came to tea; and the studded china was handed carefully from the corner-cupboard, and the blue glass sugar-basin, which I hoped some day to see broken, that I might have the bits to spy through. The old white table was still in the same place, and its long drawer seemed at last to have found rest; tops, marbles, and fishing tackle, which it was opened a score of times a-day to rummage for, were all gone; there is no danger now of running fish-hooks into their fingers when they open it. 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Robin Hood's Garland,' are gone. That old drawer was a true index to my mind in those days; they who looked therein might discover the true taste of its occupier. Old and worm-eaten as it may now seem, it has contained the greatest literary treasures—the works of Shakspeare and Milton. How little it took to make me happy in those days! A dry crust from the large bread-crock, which yet stands under the old table; Shakspeare, or a volume of Scott's immortal novels; a day of sunshine, and that a holiday, and I had but to traverse a single street, enter Foxby Lane, and bury myself in the woods, to reach my own heaven. No pride—no object—no ambition; poverty was never felt, and therefore unknown; so long as the bread-crock furnish[ed] [a] crust, all was pleasure, for the clear [...] the wood was never dry. Ariel passed [...] life than mine under 'the blos[som] [...] these scenes

[...] per cent. per annum [...]

Another Gun Powder Accident.—The Cherry [...] Gazette says:—We learn that a young [man] by the name of Peter Sommers, Jr. of the [...] Decatur, while in a blacksmith shop, a [...] from the iron bit him on his pantaloons, [...] where he had deposited half a pound of powder, burnt through two or three thick[nesses] of cloth, then reached the powder, which [explo]ded. The young man is most shockingly [...], but some hopes are yet entertained of [his re]covery.

[De]aths last week.—The number of deaths in [New] York last week was 167. Of these 33 were [men], 50 women, 50 boys and 54 girls. Of the [whole] number 29 died of consumption; 24 of [cholera] infantum; 6 of diarrhœa; 6 of dysentery, 6 of scarlet fever.

first heard the solemn tapping of the woodpecker, measuring the intervals of silence, and saw the blue-winged jay, as she went screaming through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the gray rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the melancholy ring dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine by the side of the forest.—Then up flew the lark, carrying his 'tirra lirra' heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody. Sometimes a bell came sounding solemnly over the distant river, (glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees) until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost herself in the wood. Anon the shrill 'chittering of the grasshopper' fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighboring valleys; or up sprung the pheasant with a loud 'wherr,' the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, muffling its roar at first, as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle. Nor was it from the deep woodlands alone that all these sweet sounds floated; hill and valley, and outstretched plain, sent forth their melodies until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of laborers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman as he descended the hill.—The bird-boy swung his rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud 'rasp, rasp,' and leant upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the baying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert from the rank sedge. When the village was neared, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the thresher's flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and defeaning clamor of some neighboring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear when I revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten, make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by—of companions who are now dead—of happy hours that can never return; they came full of foolish regrets and

> 'Silly truths,
> That dally with the innocence of love
> Like the olden age.'

Then up rose a thousand mute objects in the landscape, which had haunted me when far away, by unconsciously shaping themselves into the imagery of thought, and diffusing their colorings over my pages. They had imprinted their forms upon the mind years ago, and ever stood present to view when Fancy turned her eye homeward. And many a time, amid the storm and darkness of winter, and in the silent watches of the night, had those scenes presented themselves, lighted by as sweet a sunshine as slumbered there when I looked upon them.—The old mill still stood with its huge sails resting upon the sky boldly and darkly, as when I watched the moon rising between them, and fancied her some monster with outstretched wings, newly alighted from the clouds. The distant hills upheaved their green heads, bright and beautiful, as they had done twenty years ago, when I wondered what new world outstretched beyond them. The deep water rolled as rapidly under the dark arches of the old bridge as when I launched my paper boats upon the eddies, and stepped across to see them float through in the sunshine, and, when any of them were wrecked, sat down to draw sad comparisons between their fate and the voyage of life."

What clusters of rustic imagery!—what pictures of sylvan scenery!—what animation in every part!—what poetry in the whole! How strong and heartfelt the love of home! and how well is it instanced in the following exposition!

"I have at times tried to imagine the feelings of a man who is about to emigrate, fully convinced that he never again will look upon his native land. To my mind, it brings thoughts allied to death. I could fancy that I was going away to die—going to live somewhere until Death came—in some huge prison, with a jail-like sky above it, and an area that might stretch hundreds of miles with a wide sea around it, on the margin of which I should wander alone, sighing away my soul in wishes to regain my native land. Every thing would be strange to me; the landscape would call up no recollections; I should not have even a tree to call my friend, nor a flower which I could say was my own. Ah! after all, it is something to look upon the church-yard where those that we loved are at rest; to gaze upon their graves, and think over what we have gone through with them, and what we would now undergo to recall them from the dead. Reader, pardon these childish thoughts; they forced themselves into my mind, and I have recorded them; they seem to awaken my memory anew, and strip me of a score of years; they have a foolish hold of my affections. But surely it is a worthy passion to cherish; there seems something holy about the past; it is freed from all selfishness; we love it for its own sake; we sigh for it, because it can never again be recalled; even as a fond mother broods over the memory of some darling child that is dead, as if she had but then discovered how much her heart loved it."

WESTERN POETICAL PORTRAITS.

BY J. W. MATTHEWS.

PRENTICE.

A solar eagle whose broad plumes
Amid the eternal thunders play,
Whose path the lightning's flash illumes,
Is the proud emblem of thy lay.

GALLAGHER.

A column round whose capital
The sheeted lightning twines its wreath
In many a fold majestical,
While echoing thunders roar beneath.

CURRY.

Wondrous, mysterious and dim
Doth rise the music of thy strain,
Like the faint sound of choral hymn
From out some old and lonely fane.

FLAGG.

Thy emblem is the calm, blue river
With bud and bloom-starred flow'r besprent,
That shouts aloft its hymn, and ever
Glasseth the glow of th' firmament.

WALLACE.

A cloud rolled up the glittering steeps
Of the far skies, from which the chorus
Of hidden tempest-harps aye sweeps
Down on the winds, in notes sublime.

JONES.

Oh! dark and fearful is thy theme!
The midnight storm—the outlaw's cave—
The murder'd maiden's dying scream
Blent with the dashing of the wave.

AMELIA.

And thou art like a lark with wings
Bathed in the golden dew of morn,
Whose sweet and thrilling anthem rings
Through heav'n, of unseen glories born.

VIOLA.

Thy fingers touch the wizard lyre,
While sadly to thy bidding come,
Breathing low music from the wire,
Fond visions of thy childhood's home.

[...]

[...] of one of th[...]
by an immense co[...]
B. L. Turnbull, Sames [...] dying fall,
[...]er, and Matthew Medley. [...] years again

Caution.—On Thursday night last, say[s the St.] Louis Republican, of the 2d inst. a German wo[man], named Webber, attempted to expel the musquitoes from her bed room. Having lighted some combustible substance to make a smoke she attempted to pour gun powder on the burning pile from a canister containing several pounds, when the whole exploded, injuring her so that she died on the Saturday following.

Flour was selling at Detroit on the 13th at five dollars.

THE HAPPIEST TIME IS NOW.

Talk not to me of future bliss:
Talk not to me of joys gone by!
For us, the happiest hour is this,
When Love bids time to fly.
The future—doubt may overcast,
To shadow Hope's young brow;
Oblivion's veil may shroud the past;
The happiest time is now!

Though flowers, in spicy vases thrown,
Some odor yet exhale,
Their fragrance, ere the bloom was flown
Breathed sweeter on the gale—
Like faded flowers, each parted bliss
Let memory keep—but how
Can joy that's past be like to this?
The happiest time is now!

Unmarked our course before us lies
O'er time's eternal tide;
And soon the sparkling ripple dies
We raise, as on we glide;
Our barks the brightest bubbles fling
For ever from their prow;
Then let us gaily sail and sing
"The happiest time is now!"

MY OWN PECULIAR:

Or Stray Leaves from the Port-folio of a Georgia Lawyer.

It has always been my favorite theory, or monomania, if the reader will have it so, that there are two distinct kinds of men, viz: the *animal* and the *vegetable*. By the first kind, I mean those who have hearts, feelings, impulses, affections; who do not only breathe, through life, but who leave behind them a name, either for good or evil, as the devil or angel may have preponderated within them. By the vegetable species, I intend to designate the class, which, having the visible appearance of man, yet lack the inward attributes that belong to him who is made after the likeness of his Creator; that class which pass through life, if life it be, without having performed one single good or bad action; which have no more virtue than a cabbage, nor vice than a thistle; whose epitaph, if any one would waste time enough to write it, could be written in four words: "He lived—and died."

This is not the first time I have advanced this doctrine, and it shall not be the last. I am not discussing it in a religious point of view. I have too much heart-felt reverence for the principles of my holy faith, to approach with levity its altars. I am alluding to it now in a physical or lawyer-like point of view; and I challenge any one (of the animal kind) to deny the truth of my description. Why, gentle reader, have you not in your mind's eye, at this moment, one of the vegetable species? Tax your memory. Don't you know any one of your acquaintance whose whole career has been unmarked by a single *deed*: an energetic action; whose instinct is not half as great as that which the blind mole possesses, and whose very walk puts you in mind of a weed endowed with the powers of locomotion? Haven't you? If you haven't, *I* have; and I will give you, *en passant*, an example.

Two friends, and brother lawyers of mine, were travelling, some years since, on the "circuit." Their route led them across the sandy hills that form the northern boundary of the Alatamaha, one of the noble rivers of our beautiful state. These hills, or ridges, however, are as barren and desolate as Arabia Petrea. You might plant a Yankee there, and he would not grow! Perhaps, after this assertion, it would be "surplussage" to say, that no effort of industry or ingenuity could coax a blade of grass to rear its head above the sterile soil. It was a rainy, gloomy day, and after travelling for some time, without encountering any signs of human life, their hearts were cheered by the sight of the "smoke that so gracefully curled," and they knew forthwith, "that a cottage was near." And sure enough, there it was. A clumsy, ill-shaped log hut, with interstices, or, to speak more classically, "chinks," wide enough to throw a sizeable bear through.

My friends dismounted and entered. A fire of pine-wood, or "light wood," as it is technically called, blazed in the clay chimney. In one corner of the fire-place, were huddled a baker's dozen of "yellow complected" brats. A tall, gaunt female, with long, uncombed tresses, or bunches of coarse red hair, was seated upon the floor; while in front of the fire, and occupying the only stool in the hovel, sat the "lord of the soil," shivering under the malign influence of a tertian ague.

"Good morning, my friend," said one of the visitors, who is celebrated for his politeness and urbanity.

"Morning!" was the laconic and echo-like reply. (I believe that is an incorrect expression. Echo, like a woman, always gives the *last* word.)

"Fine situation you have here," resumed my brother attorney.

"Fine h—l!" responded the host; "what's it fine for?"

"Why, I should suppose you would have good sport here, in hunting."

"Then you'd suppose a d——n lie! You can't hunt 'cepting you got something to hunt at, kin you?"

"No; that's a very clear case; I thought, however, that so near the river, there would be plenty of deer. Still, if it is not a good hunting ground, it is a fine place for raising cattle."

"It is, is it? S'posin the cattle gets in the swamp, and the d——d river rises 'pon 'em, and the cu'sed fools don't get out of the way, but get drownded? How you gwine to raise 'em then eh?"

"That certainly is very bad," continued my indefatigable friend; "but there is one comfort left to you. If you have not the richest soil, nor the best hunting ground, nor the greenest pasturage, you have what is better than the monarch's diadem, or the highest niche in the temple of Fame: you have health."

"The h—ll I have stranger? Do you see them yaller complected critters in the corner there? Them's got health, an't they? The old woman there has got it, an't she! And look at me, with this cu'sed ager shaking my bones into a jelly? You call that *health*, don't you?"

"Look here, my friend," exclaimed my brother chip, "answer me this question, and I won't ask you another. If you cannot get any thing to grow here, and nothing to hunt; if all your cattle drown, and your family are all the while sick, why in the name of common sense, do you not up sticks, and off? Why do you stay here?"

"Oh, 'cause the light wood knots are so 'mazin' handy!"

Gentle reader!—look me steadily in the face. Upon your honor, as a gentleman, (or lady,) do you believe that was an animal? Do you think that a real genuine man, or brute, would have remained his whole life, under these circumstances, in such a spot? No you don't. Now, that is what I call a man of the *vegetable* species. I can't tell whether a vegetable thinks, or not; but if it does, I will bet my spectacles against the prettiest lady's eyes in the country, that that man's idea of heaven was, that it consisted of a large pine barren, where the light wood knots where "mazin' handy," and where he could shiver the whole day with a "cu'sed ager," over a fire of the aforesaid light wood knots, kept in perpetual flame by the "ministering angels of the place." The only thing that makes me doubt the propriety of the illustration I have set before you, to prove the truth of my theory, is, that this man had energy enough to curse.

I know that you are getting tired of my nonsense; but as I don't often trouble you, and as you can skip as much as you please, let me give you another example, furnished to me by the same friend. A few miles farther on, they came to a hovel of the same description; the same light wood fire and "open work" building. The rain was pouring in torrents through the roof, and the floor was overflowed. The only dry spots were near the bed and the fire-place. On the first, which was huddled up as a refuge from the fast-falling flood, (give that beautiful specimen of alliteration to some of your poetical contributors, Mr. Editor,) forming a kind of mimic Ararat, were congregated the usual adjuncts, even of vegetable life; that is the "old woman, and the yaller complected children." In the fire-place, with his feet drawn up a la Turk, on the backless chair, sat the master of the dwelling, playing a fiddle.

"*He gave them no greeting, he asked them no word;*"

or, in plain prose, he took not the slightest notice of the intruders, although, in all probability he had not seen a human being for a year; but there he sat, and played; and played one of those tunes, moreover, that have no beginning, no [...] middle, no end.

Having be[...] friends waded up to the fire-place. They require more [...] One of them has a German three years where [...] scene had a manifest effect [...] have cost to keep her at sea [...] raging without; *Brunswick Adv.* [...] and the red light [...] The number of deaths at Mobile [...] three days previous to the 21 inst. had [...] increased.

itself, while in the bright glare of the blazing fire, the man plaid his everlasting tune, without a moment's relaxation. My friend's feelings became affected. It seemed to him a supernatural scene. He began to repent him of some of his quids and quiddets. The feeling was infectious, and the other visitor caught it. And there they stood spell-bound by the notes of that fiddle, which without turn, or change or variation, kept on "the even tenor of its way."

At last, one of them shook off the spell, and thus addressed the pine woods Paganini:

"Why don't you stop that cursed fiddle? Why don't you stop the leaks in your roof?"

"You wouldn't have me git out in the rain, would you?" answered the host, still playing the "cursed fiddle."

"No; but why don't you stop them when it don't rain?"

"Oh, *they don't leak then*!" responded the Orpheus of the Alatamaha, continuing the tune.

Out rushed my friends, leaving matters in statu quo; but though some years have elapsed, one of them, in narrating to me the circumstance a few days ago, added, as his firm conviction, that "*that man*, to this very hour, is playing that eternal tune!" I purpose going that way, on my next circuit, and I will give you the result of my inquiries and observations, in a future number.—*Knickerbocker.*

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

FROM UHLAND.

A poor man, poorer none, am I,
And walk the world alone—
Yet do I still a spirit free
And cheerful heart my own.

A gleesome child I played about
My dear, dear parents' hearth,—
But grief has fallen upon my path
Since they are laid in earth.

I see rich gardens round me bloom;
I see the golden grain:
My path is bare and barren all,
And trod with toil and pain.

And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand
Where happy faces throng,
And wish good-morrow heartily
To all that pass along.

A bounteous God! Thou leav'st me not
To comfortless despair:
There comes a gentle balm from heaven
For every child of care.

Still in each dell thy sacred house
Points mutely to the sky—
The organ and the choral song
Arrest each passer by.

Still shine the sun, the moon, the stars,
With blessings even on me,
And, when the evening bell rings out,
Then, Lord, I speak with thee.

One day shall to the good disclose
Thy halls of joy and rest,
Then in my wedding robes even I
Shall seat me as thy guest!

From Tait's Edinburg Magazine.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

I began to get a little superstitious, and some rudely defined feelings of fear came creeping over me. If it had not been for the church before the door, I could easily have imagined—if I had been in the midst of a German forest I certainly would have done so—that the good fairies had built a house expressly for my accommodation for the night: but to that notion the church was an insuperable objection. However, after waiting and waiting for the arrival of somebody, I thought there would be no harm in taking a smoke; so prepared accordingly; finished it, rested a while, and, for lack of something to do, tried my pipe again. Having knocked the ashes out of my second pipe, I had some thoughts of lying down before the fire and taking a nap, since I had all the house to myself, when I was startled by the opening of a door, and the entrance of a little woman, middle aged, plainly but decently dressed, and of but a homely countenance. I addressed her without leaving my seat; upon which she shook her head, as much as to say—"I don't understand English." With the design of trying what stuff her heart was made of I held out my empty pipe, making her to understand I had no tobacco, and wished her to help me to some. She immediately went to a cupboard—brought out a bag full of "cut and dry"—and gave me a whole handful. This will do, thinks I—I'm safe—here I stay for the night; but that I would have done anyhow, unless I had been put out by sheer violence. After performing this act of kindness, the woman went away; nor did she make her appearance again until I had finished a pipe of her tobacco. When she returned, it was for the purpose of putting on the tea-kettle. My bed is already sure, said I, to myself, and I see my supper is not very far off; and the reader of this, if he hath ever been in danger of being benighted in a foreign land, will have some conception of the feelings which now fermented within me. You may talk about traveling, and the beauties of nature, and all that sort of thing; but I refer to all travellers, sentimental or unsentimental, whether a well plenished supper table, after a fatiguing day's journey, be not preferable to all the beauteous scenes of nature, or master pieces of art they ever saw. Yes, for scenery either grand or sublime, give me the clean hearth, the blazing fire, the files of cups and saucers, butter plates, and jelly-mugs, mountains of bread, and rivers of cream; and for music, give me the singing of the tea-kettle, the frying of ham, and the hissing and spurting of bursting puddings; "them's" my scenery; as for all others, any traveller, if he chooses, may fling himself into the crater of Vesuvius, or break his neck on Mont Blanc for me. My kind hostess—as yet I had seen nobody but her—came again upon the stage, and pronounced the word "Zaber," which I very scholar-like translated "supper"—a good version; but, verily, my stomach was in such a state at the time, that I believe I could have easily translated any one of the million dialects of this Babel of an earth. I arose from my log, shoved my pipe into my pocket, and followed her into another room. On entering, I was greeted by the glances from the eyes of nearly a dozen handsomely dressed young ladies, seated round a splendid supper table; and, in return, I gave them a slight bow, and took my place among them. At first I was inclined to believe I had got into a nunnery; but some knowledge of the rules of such establishments soon changed the nunnery into a boarding school, in which opinion I was strengthed by the presence of a piano forte at one side of the room. Our meal was made in silence and decorum; not a word was spoken; but I was plentifully helped to every thing on the table. Toward the end of the meal, a little man made his entry into the room rather unexpectedly; for I had given up all hopes of seeing any males, and during supper, could not help conjecturing how so many ladies were going to dispose of me throughout the night. The little man approached the table, looked at me, then looked at the woman who so kindly entertained me, who said something to him; upon which he held out his hand to me, and, in broken English, said, he was very happy to see me. After supper, we had but little conversation, as the man was not overstocked with English, and I was too tired for talking; but I learned enough to convince me, that the hearts of these honest Germans were much imbued with the milk of human kindness; indeed, all my wishes were as much anticipated as if I had been a near relation newly arrived from Germany. On expressing a wish to retire to rest, the man conducted me up stairs, through a kind of ante-room into another; when putting down the candle, he retired, wishing me a good night. I immediately began to undress, and, while doing so, my attention was drawn toward the bed, which seemed to me to have a very blown up and dropsical appearance. Although covered with one of those beautiful counterpanes so common in Virginia, yet, to my mind, it had something very suspicious-looking about it; for I must confess, notwithstanding I had been treated with much kindness since I came in contact with these good people, my mind was not altogether easy. I had read and heard of too many murderous stories connected with circumstances precisely like those in which I now was, not to have all my eyes about me; in fact, the people's kindness began now to militate against them. I accordingly approached the bed, and turned down the coverlid, when no pillow presented itself, no blankets, no sheets, nothing but the bare bed. I wondered not a little at this, and thought that so many young ladies might have spared me at least one blanket among them; but, while standing wondering at the want of the blankets, and still more at the strange, puffy look of the bed, my eyes rested upon something white near the head, but away down about a foot below the surface of the bed. I examined it; it looked exactly like a piece of a sheet. Strange—and in following up my discovery, I tumbled down the bed, when, lo! and behold, pillows and sheets as white as the driven snow presented themselves to my astonished sight. The most horrible suspicions took possession of my soul. O God! I exclaimed in an agony, they are going to smother me while asleep! I ran to the door; it was locked on the outside; and I recollected that, on coming through the ante-room, a bed was placed with its head beside my door—the murderer's bed. All my suspicions were more than confirmed; I saw nothing but death before my eyes, or rather behind my back—I saw no way of escape, and, as the last refuge of the wretched, I betook myself to my Creator. In a kind of agony, I dropped upon my knees to commend my soul and body to the only being who could aid in such awful circumstances. Though tolerably regular at my prayers during my life-time, yet I must confess that, although at the outset, when I first got upon my knees, my whole soul was directed heavenward; yet very soon, my ideas began to scatter like grape shot, and my imagination to roam a wool-gathering to the ends of the earth. My petition to heaven got mixed up with the odds and ends of earthly thoughts, that, when I was done, I could scarcely tell whether I had been praying or not. So it happened in the present instance. At the outset, I was more than serious: but my head was so full of the fearful bed, that my thoughts could not help falling that way; from the bed, they got among the Germans, and from Pennsylvania they bounded into Germany, till at length they entered an inn along with an Irish gentleman, who got on the top of him, to his no small puzzlement, just such another bed as was about to go on the top of me. He rang the bell and told the waiter, that if any gentleman was going to sleep in the bed above him, he must be quick, as he was going to sleep and did not wish to be disturbed. Altogether forgetful of my situation, I burst into a hearty laugh, forgot my "Amen," rose from my knees, undressed with dispatch, and jumped into bed; and, oh, how delicious! Ye presidents, prime ministers, princes, potentates, and powers, if ye wish to know what happiness is, step down from your thrones, walk fifteen or twenty miles in the hot sun, five or six more in the cold dews of night, get your stomachs as empty as the treasury chests; and, after having done all this, contrive, some how or other, to get a good supper, then jump into a German bed; and if that don't make you happy, nothing on earth can.

I need not say I enjoyed a most delectable night's rest; and, in the morning, I a good deal amused my worthy hosts by a recital of my last night's fears. I have called them worth, for so they were. I came among them as if I had dropped from the clouds, yet Mr. and Mrs. Gerard (their name) were as kind to me as if I had been a brother; and so far were they from taking anything for their trouble, that it was with difficulty I could get setting out on my journey, they wishing me to stay some days in order to recruit myself. It was he who told me of the antipathy of the German population here toward strangers; and, in confirmation, he further told me, that, a few days before my arrival, an Englishman came to his house begging something to eat, as he had not eaten any thing for two days; and that, although he had offered handsful of silver, nobody would receive him. Mr Gerard gave him plenty, without money and without price. Before setting out, I may mention that I was right in my conjectures—Mrs. G. keeping a boarding school for young ladies, and Mr. G. a day-school for boys.

Having received another handful of tobacco, and returned them thanks for their attention toward me, I left them. In the afternoon, I reached a store known by the name of Swampgrove; and a few hundred yards beyond it, I observed a man before me, of no very decent appearance. I was now about five or six miles from Potsdam, and, not wishing to enter the town in such kind of company, I made up my mind to quicken my pace, accost him civilly with a "Good day," and go a-head of him. I did so, and had got a few steps a-head, when I heard him muttering something. I stopped to see what he wanted, when he asked me if I was going to Potsdam. I told him I did not know whether I would go the length to-night or not, and left him again. But my gentleman was not going to let me slip so easily a-head of him. I heard him speaking to me again, and, of course, had to stop till he came up.

Said he to me—"If you don't know whether you are going to Potsdam or not, you may as well go home with me."

I looked in the man's face to see if I could get any information there, but there was nothing like a home stamped upon it. It was a round, pale, doughy face, surmounted by an old hat, knocked into every kind of shape; and, below, it was garnished by a black beard, which had not felt the razor for many a day. His other accoutrements were an old roundabout, duck trousers, and a pillow-slip slung over his shoulders, with something in each end to balance it. I had already set him down as a runaway sailor; but when he spoke about his home, I really did not know what to make of him, and a half desire entered my mind to know more about him.

"How far is it to your house?" I inquired.

"Scarcely two miles," he replied, with a Dutch accent.

"Well, I shall think of it as we proceed; and, in the meantime, I thank you for your kind intentions."

As we went easily along, we continued our conversation; and, among other items, he told me that he had been at the store purchasing some little things for his wife, as she was making apple butter, and was going to have a great apple paring—that he had bespoken some fiddles—so they would have quite a frolic of it.

"Apple butter, did you say?—what kind of butter is that?"

"It is made of apples, pared, cut into pieces, and boiled in cider till it becomes a kind of jelly."

We were not long in arriving at the end of the lane leading up to the house, and as his information made me still more curious, I had made up my mind to go along with him. A short way up the lane, we encountered a wagon, with a fine team of four horses. It stopped as we came up, and the driver and my companion had some talk. After it had passed, I said, half jokingly—for I had set down my man as half deranged in the intellect—

"I suppose that is your team?"

"Yes, that's my team," said he.

I smiled, and had some thoughts of turning back again, being convinced that the man was fully mad; but curiosity still kept me going along with him. By and by we came in sight of a white-washed two story stone house.

"Well, I suppose this is your house, too," says I to him.

"Yes," says he, "that's my house, and I will make you as comfortable as I can to it."

I thanked him a second time, but could not help thinking he was about leading me into some scrape or other, as a shabbier or more blackguard looking man could scarcely be. However, I kept my thought to myself, and followed him into the house; and, sure enough, there was the big copper on the fire, and the apple-butter that was about to be, tumbling to and fro in it. A handsome young woman, with a pipe in her mouth, was busily engaged in attending to the concern, to whom I was introduced as the wife of my conductor. The mother, a very decent matron, neatly and cleanly dressed, soon made her appearance from another room; to whom I was also introduced. As the ceremony of introduction took place in Dutch—the only language spoken in the house—I know not what story my friend told, nor what reasons he gave for bringing me to the house; but I saw well enough that I was welcome, for they all seemed well pleased, and I was directed to take my seat in a fine, antique-looking elbow-chair—the place of honor—and I soon had my pipe in my mouth like the rest of them. At supper we had a hand at the apple-butter; and I now recollected that I had before tasted some of it coming through the Jerseys, but did not know that it went by that name. It is really excellent, and quite American; and, believe me, buckwheat cakes and apple-butter are a feast for a king: I guess Queen Victoria has never tasted any thing so fine. By and by, the apple parers began to drop in—young people of both sexes—until the house was full; when we set to work cutting up the apples like desperation; every one, as is customary upon such occasions, doing his best, and striving to shew how clever he is. The labor was enlivened by a variety of jokes, stories, and songs. Our principal songstress was a blooming young woman, with cheeks as red and plump as any apple; she appeared to me to be the reigning belle—the queen of the meeting; at least I could easily perceive she thought so herself. She gave us a variety of songs; and though not with the sweetness of a Caradori, I believe it was good enough for Dutch singing; for the company, every now and then, burst into fits of laughter. As I could not understand a word, my principal business was to appear well pleased, and shew my industry at the apples. After business was finished, we ought to have had the ball; but, as the fiddlers, somehow or other, did not come, the company dispersed, and I retired to bed, or rather to beds, for I had again one above and one below me.

This German way of resting is the best of all modes that I have tried, and I wonder it has not been more general among northern nations. I, for one, would advise my countrymen, the Scotch, to convert their blankets into greatcoats, and substitute feather beds in their place, and then they may set the cold of winter at defiance. In confirmation of the superiority of the bed over the blanket system, I will relate a little anecdote. In Virginia, in one of the houses I stayed in, a young Dutchman slept in the same room with me. On the Saturday evenings he commonly went and visited his friends, staying all night with them. It happened, one very cold Saturday, that he went away as usual; and, after having gone to bed, I found that I could easily stand the weight of another blanket, and so took the liberty to take one from John's bed. Contrary to expectation, he came home that night, upon which I told him what I had done, and that, if he wanted his blanket, he might take it off me. No answer was returned, and I went to sleep. On waking in the morning, I naturally cast my eyes toward John's bed, but I could neither see John nor bed clothes. Now, thinks I, some thief has been in and taken away all the clothes; and up I got to examine things more narrowly. In prosecution of said design, I found John's head away far down sticking out from below the bed. He was sound asleep. He had literally turned the world upside down; and, for all the world, looked exactly like an overgrown turtle, with the head peeping out of the shell. I left him alone in his glory, perfectly convinced that he was in the right on't.

At breakfast we had a dish new to me. I don't recollect what name they gave to it; but it might, with great propriety, be called cider soup, as it was composed of potatoes and cider—exactly our potato soup at home, only cider instead of water. It was a favorite dish with the Dutchman, and I had to tell a good many lies to save my good breeding; for he often asked me how I liked it, and if it were not good. Of course I answered in the affirmative; but my affirmatives came up my throat with as much difficulty as the cider soup went down; for I really did not like it.

After breakfast I started, though not till after an invitation to stay as long as I chose, and welcome. In the course of the forenoon I passed through Potsdam; a considerable place, with some good houses, and a newspaper—maybe more; for I encountered the courier with an armful. It is situated on the Schuylkill, which I crossed by means of a neat wooden bridge. At night I slept at the house of a German, and, next day, passed by the end of West Chester, and through Downingtown, where I crossed the Big Brandywine by means of a stone bridge—the second I had seen in America, although they say there are plenty of them in Pennsylvania.

A short way beyond Downingtown it commenced raining very heavy, which forced me to look out for shelter. I turned off the road to a farm house I saw close by; but receiving an impudent answer from a boy I accosted in the cattle yard, I kept on toward a neat little cottage not far off. Here I was welcome. The occupants were an Irishman, Robert Owen by name, and his wife: everything was neat and clean, and they treated me like a gentleman. In the morning a neighbor came in; and they commenced talking about the elections, and federalists, and republicans. I put in my word—

"I thought," said I, "that you were all federalists and republicans in the lump in this country?"

"O yes, so we are," replied the neighbor; "but when we go to particulars, there is a great deal of difference between a federalist and a republican, for all that."

"And what, pray, may be the difference between the two?" said I; "for certainly you have but few Tories now a days."

"As for the Tories," said he, "we have got enough of them yet; and as for the federalists, they are little better than Tories in disguise: true, they love America—that we must allow—and don't wish to be ruled by the King of England, or anything by the name of king. They are still republicans in principle—words anyhow—but their practical comments upon their own doctrines, evidently tend toward, if not a monarchial, at least an aristocratical form of government, as near as may be, without actually crossing the boundary line. Their principal aim is to give as much power to the General Government as they possibly can, without quitting either the name or reality of a republic. They wish to merge all the individual republics into one grand whole—the republic of America. The republicans, on the other hand, wish all the individual States to remain as free and independent of each other as they were at the formation of the Constitution. For that purpose, they wish to preserve to them all the powers reserved to them at the formation of that instrument; and, if there should be any taking and giving, rather to add to the powers of the State Governments than to weaken them."

The above may not be exactly the words of my informant; but they explain, with tolerable clearness, the difference between the two great parties into which the people of the United States are divided, and are, in substance, a good enough answer to the question I asked. I may further add, on my own account, that, since the period of the above conversation, the two parties have changed their cognomens almost as often as the moon has changed. At the present time, (1838,) they go by the name of Whig and Democrats. A third party has started of late—the Conservatives. The individuals belonging to the last, pretended to be Democrats in heart and core, except regarding a national bank—an abomination to the Democrats: but at the elections, somehow or other, all the votes go to the Whigs—a plain proof that they scarcely know on what side their bread is buttered. So much for politics just now.

I was remarkably well treated by Mr. Owen; and although but a cotter, as we would say at home, yet he managed to spread out a table as well furnished, and everything as neat and clean, as if he had been worth thousands, and his wife brought up at a boarding school. Perhaps I may be found fault with for recording such trifles: but, as I wish to give my friends on the other side of the Atlantic as correct an outline of American life as I can—so far as I have seen it—they must go along with me and take pot luck—the good and the bad as it comes. It is not by a single trait that an individual, much less a nation, can be described. To talk of the shrewdness of a Scotchman, the bluntness of an Englishman, the blunders of an Irishman, the levity of a Frenchman, the pride of a Spaniard, the treachery of a Portuguese, or the tricks and notions of a Yankee, is but going a very little way into a knowledge of the people. To know, we must become acquainted with them; we must visit them in their houses, sit at their tables, sleep in their beds, converse with them round their firesides, see them in their fields and workshops, and note them in all the outs and ins of their every-day life. The way that the British talk so much nonsense about the Americans, and the Americans about the British, is, because the one people knows little or nothing about the other; and the main reason of this ignorance is, because the travellers, who pretend to give the information, don't descend to particulars, but merely give some hearsays, or describe some of the prominent features which they have happened to get a glimpse of, in flying through the country with the speed of a locomotive.

In the course of the forenoon we went over to Mr. Tarbet's, upon whose farm Owen worked, and were kindly received. He was a young man, but married, like most of the Americans; of a quiet and kindly disposition, and had a good farm, and, of course, plenty to eat and drink. I stayed with him two days. I afterward crossed the little Brandywine, and came to a small place called Oxford, where I stayed all night. It has one or two tolerably good inns, but no university. Somewhere near Oxford, I stopped at a small log house, in order to rest a little. I knocked at the door, which was opened by one of the finest looking women I thought I had ever seen, who bade me come in, in a voice sweet as strains from an Eolian harp. She was young, and though not what you would call beautiful, yet there was an indescribable something about her manner, look, and shape, which, together with her virgin-like modesty, made her altogether irresistible. She took her infant from the cradle, and sat down at one side of the fire, while I took a seat at the other. She spoke not, nor did I; but look I could not help, as she bent with maternal tenderness over the babe at her breast. I am not overly much given to covetousness, but if ever I was in danger of breaking the tenth commandment, it was sitting by that fireside. I actually envied the husband of such a wife.

A few miles beyond Oxford, I entered Maryland. The boundary line, in this direction, between it and Pennsylvania, is a very diminutive stream, or rather ditch, so narrow that I could stand with one foot in Pennsylvania and the other in Maryland. Small though the separating line be, I could observe a material difference in the appearance of the two countries. The greater portion of Pennsylvania, that I had passed through, was rough and hilly, and latterly undulating; but after I entered Maryland, the face of the country became almost a dead level, with the soil light and sandy, and so continued until I arrived at the Susquehanna. The reason of this change was owing to my receding farther and farther from the mountains; for it must be remembered that Maryland, in the north-west, is very mountainous. The roads, too, were no better than in Pennsylvania.

In going along, I stopped at a house to look at a man taking the hair off what I took to be a young pig, which he had fastened by the beck to one of the porch pillars.

"That's a queer looking pig you're flaying there," said I, to the man.

"It's not a pig, Sir; it's a possum."

"An opossum! You surely don't pretend to eat opossums in Maryland, do ye?"

"No, we don't *pretend* to eat them, but we actually do; and first-rate eating they are—much better than pig."

His answer somewhat startled me, for I thought I had read a good deal of natural history and geography, and I did not recollect anything about eating opossums; but now having eaten them myself, I can assure the reader that, notwithstanding their ugly staring, gray fur, wide mouth, and rat tail, they are actually first-rate eating. And why should they not? they live on Indian corn, nuts, &c.; and I believe that, in all respects, they are much more cleanly than the porkers. Since I am on gastronomy, I may as well add, that I have also eaten racoons, or coons, as they are commonly called in America; also a first-rate dish, much the same flavor as the opossum, and in great repute among the negroes.

On the same day I entered Maryland, I arrived at Port Deposite, on the Susquehanna—a ruinous looking place, consisting of only one narrow street, running between a ridge of rocks and the river. Here are extensive quarries; and a great deal of stone is shipped down to Baltimore and other places. The most remarkable thing, however, about the place, is the stupendous bridge across the Susquehanna. I was nearly fourteen hours in going along it; but the reader must recollect that, about half-way over, you come to a small island, upon which is a tavern, where I stayed all night, deferring my exit at the other end till next morning. The bridge is, however, about a mile long, roofed in, with a gate at one end, where you pay toll. The tavern-keeper told me there was one still longer farther up the river. Between this bridge and Baltimore, the country is undulating, road good, and the travel, upon the whole, pleasant. I entered Baltimore early on the morning of the 28th October; and, as soon as the stores were opened, called upon M. G——— James, my old travelling companion's uncle. I was informed that he had given up business in Baltimore, and retired to the country; but that money had been sent to New York, and that the nephew was expected daily. Expecting my trunk down with James, I thought it best to follow the uncle to the country, and wait there till he arrived; but, before starting, I took a peep at the city. Baltimore is a very handsome, stirring place, of great trade, as everybody knows, and, of course, filled with splendid stores. The most prominent object is the Washington monument, a splendid affair, and incontestably proving that Baltimore has more of gratitude than all the other cities of the Union put together; it has on this account been called the Monumental City. There is also another one, called the Battle Monument; but in commemoration of what battle I don't recollect—I suppose the battle of Baltimore. There are numerous handsome churches, among which the Catholic Cathedral takes the lead. Barnum's Hotel is a magnificent building. With regard to the streets, there is nothing very remarkable; they are neat and clean; and the main, or Market street, as I think they call it, is a very fine, long, wide street, with the houses, in general, three stories high. The environs of Baltimore, like those of all other cities, are adorned with many handsome villas and country houses. I left the city in the afternoon, almost completely worn out by wandering up and down the streets: of course I proceeded only a few miles out of town before putting up for the night. In walking along, I came to a tree with fruit upon it, bearing a great resemblance to the large Egg plum. I had a good mind to eat some of them; but as they might not be plums after all, I thought it safest to defer my treat until I procured further information. This was soon supplied by an old woman whom I met.

"What kind of tree is that?" said I, to her.

"Persimmon tree."

"Is the fruit good for eating?"

"Yes; some people are very fond of them."

She passed on; and I made haste to pluck some persimmons—they looked so good. In my mouth one of them went; but not to stay long—I was so near choked. If I had flung into my throat a pound or two of powdered galls, with as much alum, the dry, astringent, choking sensation could not have been much greater. I fairly thought I was poisoned; and, of course, made many a ludicrous attempt to hawk and spit; but it was of no use, the fountains of my mouth were so completely sealed up. I have since eaten of these persimmons, after they were ripe, which is, after they have been well frosted; and then they are as full of sugar, or rather of manna, as they were before of tannin. I don't like them at all, although some people, as the old woman said, are very fond of them. They are very plentiful in some parts of the United States.

In the house I put up at over night, I saw them making buckwheat-cakes for the first time. I thought, at first, the woman was making pancakes; but, as they did not look like any pancakes I had ever seen, I concluded that she was making what the Scotch call *beastin scones*. Curious to know whether the Americans made the same use of the newly-calved cows' milk, I put the question to her, when she told me she was making buckwheat-cakes. The most common way of manufacturing these is, by forming the meal into a thin batter, and dropping it from a spoon upon a hot girdle, so as to form thin cakes about the size of a biscuit. They are remarkably good. I do not think the Americans make either beastin scones or cheese of the milk of the newly-calved cows—at least I have never seen nor heard of its being done. I may add here, that I never saw blood-puddings in America until I reached Louisiana. The Virginians, as far as I know them, hold the eating of blood as an abomination, and as contrary to Scripture. The Creoles, however, are not so scrupulous; and, whatever priest or Scripture may say, eat as many of the good things of this life as they can lay their teeth on, and blood-puddings among the rest.

A short walk beyond Scotrafield—the place I stayed at last night—brought me to the end of the lane leading down to the Thistle Factory, (cotton,) belong to Fridge and Morris of Baltimore. Struck by the name, and, moreover, wishing to see the mill, I walked down to it. It is small, but well managed, and most romantically situated in a deep dell, through which foams the Patapsco, in its rocky channel. As there is little room for building in the dell itself, the store, school-house, and houses for the mill people, are built on the side of the hill—the whole forming an interesting little nook.

On coming out of the mill, a heavy shower of rain came on, which drove me, for shelter, into the house of the watchman, located at one corner of the yard. On entering, I accosted a neat looking woman, who was sweeping the floor, and asked if I might rest a little, until the rain was over. Being answered in the affirmative, we entered into conversation; and, among other things, she said that, from my tongue, she did not think I was an American. Upon telling her I was from Scotland, and from what part, she threw down the broom with precipitation, ran to the foot of the stair which led to the garret, and bawled out, at the top of her voice—

"Oh, man, Jamie, come down! Here's a Scotchman!"

Jamie was not long in making his appearance; and, finding that we were what might be called near neighbors at home—that is, we both belonged to Ayrshire—we very soon got quite gracious. He gave me an invitation to stay a day or two with him; and, as it still rained heavily, and to-morrow was Sunday, I accepted it. During the Sabbath, a good many of the mill people dropped in to make a call—some, perhaps, through curiosity to see a wandering stranger—all very well dressed. Jamie, taking it for granted that I could not miss observing the difference between their Sunday suits and his coarse apparel, remarked that folks in general pit the maist on their backs; but, for his pairt, he liked to pit the maist in his belly; and, indeed, his Sunday dinner did not belie the observation, for I doubt if Fridge and Morris themselves had a better roast on their tables than he had. In the afternoon, we took a promenade down the side of the Patapsco—a most delightful walk, finely shaded by walnut trees. There were also plenty of wild grapes, the first I had seen. They are small, much resembling black currants, and make a good wine, although I can't say that I like the grapes themselves. They are very plentiful all over the southern states. On returning homeward, I observed two young lads hunting for wild turkeys. These were the first white people I ever saw fowling upon the Sabbath; but it is nothing new to me now.

On Monday, after leaving the Thistle Factory, another short travel brought me to Ellicott's Mills, among the most extensive in the Union for the manufactory of flour. Here are the iron works; and at this place the road to Frederickstown crosses the Patapsco. In two days' march, I passed through a turnpike gate, the first and the last I have seen in America. In the evening, I put up at Poplar Springs—a very good inn.

I left the above inn on a most beautiful morning, and was tripping it along right merrily, when I was overtaken by a gentleman—at least he had the appearance of one—on horseback, with a led horse. He accosted me, and asked me where I stayed last night, and whither I was going. Of course, I told him I stayed at Poplar Springs, and was going to Traptown.

"That's a long way to walk," says he. "If you choose, you may get upon the horse."

"I thank you, Sir," says I. "I can't ride; and it will tire me more than walking."

He still kept coaxing and urging me to mount so much, that I plainly saw he wished to get rid of the horse; but, at the same time, in such a way as if he were doing me a favor. I did not like that; and positively told him I would not mount. We parted; but I had not proceeded far before I saw him halt, for me to get up with him. On my approach—

"Well, Sir," said he, "this horse is so troublesome to me, that you will confer a great obligation if you take him off my hands."

I told him I could not ride with a saddle, much less bare-backed; but that, if I could be of any service to him, I would try.

"Oh, never mind trying," says he. "Get up and you'll learn as you get along."

The animal was tall, and I was short; and, I can assure you, I trembled all over while I laid hold of the mane with one hand, and gave my left foot to the man to hoist me up. Up I went, however, like shot—missed stays in crossing the back of the animal, and would soon have been sprawling on the ground on the other side, if I had not caught hold of the horse by the fore leg, while the man held on to mine. Being pulled on again, and fairly balanced—but my head swimming from its height in the air—and all things, in the gentleman's opinion, in good sailing trim, we started in fine style—that is, at a good round trot. For a minute or two, all things went on tolerably enough—I can't say smoothly; for the trot was rather too round for me—but, after that short space, I found, as I anticipated, that I had got a most purgatorial job of it. In spite of my conscience, the "O Lords" and "woes" came forth thick and fast; and, to stop the swearing, my only resource was in stopping the horse, which I happily accomplished, after a few struggles at the bridle. One good quality my companion possessed, was that of leaving me behind to my fate, as soon as he himself got out of his trouble. Of course, he was soon out of sight, and I left to guide myself at discretion. When I got a sight of my man, he was about a quarter of a mile a-head, off the horse, and, to all appearance, waiting for my coming up. When I reached him, he was cutting a switch from a tree; but little did I dream it was for me, as my horse went by far too fast already. In fact, I intended to deliver up his property, and have done with him; but my gentleman intended no such thing. Like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, he was determined to cling to me; and, moreover, was determined that my movements, for the future, should have a little more of the "go" in them—be a little more sprightly—notwithstanding, as far as I was concerned, my movements had hitherto been sprightly enough; for, I am certain, it would have taken two men to have kept me anything like sedentary on the horse's back. I mentioned my intention of dismounting.

"Oh, no," says he; "you can't do that."

I spoke to him of my pains, of being sore all over, of being shaken all to pieces.

"Oh, never mind that; you'll soon get used to it. Here, take this switch, and touch him smartly with it."

I took the switch, but with little intention of making much use of it, although very willing to oblige the man. Some distance before us was a small town called Newmarket—a most ominous name. I was certain I would have a race of it before all was done and the more so as the man talked of not stopping, but going through the town something like gentlemen. I told him I would go through it as genteelly as I could, but that the citizens could not expect much gentility from a man without a saddle. All things being ready, he put spurs to his horse; and, as before, never looked behind to see whether I was started or not, but rode on just as if I had been riding alongside of him, and was soon lost sight of among the houses. For my part, I was in no such hurry; and, as I had kept on the horse's back to please the owner, I was determined the horse should walk to please me; but whether the animal had some drops of racing blood in him, or was of the same mind as his master, or knew the town, I know not; but I know the nearer we got to it, the faster he plied his legs. I flung away my switch as useless, and pulled at the bridle with all my might; but all to no purpose; yet faster and faster I went. I next let go the bridle, and stuck to the mane; and, I tell ye, we went down Newmarket sprightly enough. We went so fast down the street, that I was into the heart of the town before I ever saw a single house—the street on each side having merely the appearance of two long, dark-colored, striped ribbons. It was flying, sure enough; but, I guess, I made a great many more fly beside myself. I only guess at it; for I did not see a living soul till within a hundred yards or so of the principal inn, where the horse began to slacken his pace, as he intended stopping there, and where all the upper windows were alive with young ladies witnessing my display of rough-ridership. As I did not intend putting up there, whatever my horse might, and was, moreover, nettled at the giggling of the ladies, I thought I would let them see I was not such a bad horseman as they supposed; so, resuming the bridle, I turned my horse's head to the street; but, as bad luck would have it, there happened to be another inn right opposite, to which the horse directed himself in spite of me. He bolted right across; and, so suddenly did he bring himself to at the door, that I bolted off his back into the gutter; and so ended my Newmarket ride—a ride I did not get the better of for two months. Having gathered myself up, I took the bridle, and led, or rather hauled the animal through the remainder of the town—not waiting for the congratulations of the populace, of which it is commonly pretty prodigal, on such exhibitions of skill and dexterity. Having cleared the town, I waited for the gentleman, whom I saw returning to look for me. I delivered him his horse, telling him I thought I had obliged him enough, and he must next oblige me by taking him off my hands, as I could very well perform the rest of my journey on my own legs.

To be continued.

Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUCH LOVED FRIEND.

Spirit of bright intelligence! that beam'd
Through the quick-darting eye,—and sat enthron'd
On that pure smile, which seem'd not of the earth.
Spirit of mild benevolence!—that sung
O'er the wan sufferer's couch, soothing his pangs,
Forgetful of thine own;—Spirit! that loved
To rove among the scenes of other days,
The shades of ancient story, and the bow'rs
Of classic fancy—whither art thou flown?
Why, am I answer'd by the rushing sigh?
Alas! I know it all. I marked the sign
In that deep hectic flush, which stained thy cheek
When thou didst part from us. I knew that Death
Sent that brief beauty—ere he set his seal
Of icy paleness. Thou didst go to seek
Hygeia o'er the wave—and in those climes
Where she delights to revel. But her gifts
Were not for thee. Her fountain was close-seal'd
To thy parched lips. Her garden had for thee
A sepulchre. And didst thou fall alone?
Unwept, uncherished? No! In strangers' breasts
Affection met thee, and a foreign voice
In loveliest accents bade thee rest in peace.
Thy God forsook thee not, and thy meek soul,
Communing with its Saviour saw the earth
Recede, unmov'd. Thy mouldering ashes fill
A stranger's tomb, but thou has found a home
From whence is no departure: where thy heart,
No more vibrating on the arrow's point
Of this unpitying world, expands to taste
The fulness of eternal bliss. C. B. B.

Philadelphia, September 3d, 1839.

APOTHEGMS, BY L. E. L.

"In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxuriance of blossom bears them and dies."

"Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterward an indulgence."

"The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes."

"There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the bye—for such wisdom is wholly wasted."

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

CONTRACTS FOR MULTICAULIS IN 1840.

Many heavy contracts have been made for the sale of Multicaulis trees, deliverable in the next year, 1840, at 6, 8, and 10 cents a tree. A gentleman recently in Philadelphia ascertained the existence of such contracts to the amount of 1,600,000 trees. This has suggested a very erroneous idea in the public mind, viz: that 6, 8, or 10 cents, the prices contracted for as above, will necessarily be the range of prices next year. A moment's reflection will show the fallacy of such a conclusion. Many people last year contracted for the delivery of trees this fall, 1839, at 10, 12, and 15 cents; and even at this early part of the season no one thinks of selling trees, even by contract, for less than double those prices. Another false impression has been made by the above contracts. It is supposed the fact that the above contracts are made for the delivery of trees at 6, 8, or 10 cents in the fall of 1840, will necessarily depress the price of trees this year. Exactly the reverse will be the result. Suppose no more than the 1,600,000 trees will be contracted for—then at least 5,000,000 buds will be withdrawn from the market this year, for the purpose of filling the above contracts. And consequently the prices of the trees left in market will be enhanced in proportion as the supply is diminished by the above, or any other cause.

ON KEEPING SILK WORM EGGS.

Immense quantities of silk worm eggs have been lost this season by premature hatching. In one instance, upward of one hundred ounces, that had been imported from France, and that had been kept since their arrival in this country in a refrigerator, at a temperature of *forty-four degrees*, all hatched before there was any mulberry leaves to feed the worms with, and they were of course all lost. The unusual warm weather of the month of April, has doubtless caused much loss to those who had kept their eggs in the usual way. These losses, however, though a present evil, will result in ultimate gain. They will prove by example what almost every body has heretofore refused to learn from precept, to wit: That silk worm eggs must be constantly kept in a cold place, from the time they are laid, till they are wanted for hatching; and that any exposure to warmth at any time during winter or early spring, will certainly start the growth of the embryo, and insure the premature hatching of the eggs. Again and again has the writer of these remarks cautioned the public on this subject. The object of this paper now is to give a few hints that may be useful in securing eggs for another season.

In no event can imported eggs be depended upon for any thing more than raising a few worms, for a future supply of eggs; because during the passage they are necessarily exposed to a warm temperature, and if they arrive safe, will certainly hatch soon afterward; in which event but few can be saved, unless they happen to arrive after the leaves are developed, which is scarcely to be expected, as the warm weather would hatch them on the passage. It is probable that if they were imported in the fall, and immediately placed in an ice house and kept there steadily till wanted for hatching, they might be kept till the middle of May, in this latitude, but not longer. Thousands of persons have now learned from experience, that silk worm eggs hatch as readily in an ice-house as any where else, if they have at any time previously been exposed to a warm temperature.

It is earnestly recommended that all persons who are fortunate enough to have silk worms, now select from the first formed cocoons a sufficient number to produce as many eggs as they may want for next year's use, and within three or four days after the eggs are laid, place them securely in a very cold, dry cellar, or an ice-house, and there keep them steadily till wanted for hatching next season; they may then bring them out in such portions as they wish for successive crops during the season. Those kept in a cellar, however, during the fall, must be put into an ice-house before the 1st of February, or they cannot be kept from hatching in May.

Eggs that have been carried about the country during winter, cannot be kept from hatching during the warm weather, the latter part of April and in May. Therefore, purchasers of eggs, under such circumstances, should be prepared to feed the worms by the 1st of May, at the latest, in the latitude of Baltimore.

The French and Italians scrape the eggs from the cloth or paper on which the insect has deposited them, before exposing them to hatch. Indeed, many of them keep them "in bulk," like a parcel of seeds, from the time they are laid till next season, and most of the eggs that are imported into the country are put up in boxes, like so many cabbage seed. Notwithstanding the high authority from which this practice emanates, we are well convinced of its impropriety. The close contact of so many animated existences, we should naturally conclude, even without experience, would generate heat, foul air, and finally cause the death of the whole. And that it has this effect, is abundantly proved by numerous instances where they have been imported in this way, and on opening the boxes, the putrifying mass of eggs was extremely offensive, the eggs being all dead. Another objection is found in the difficulty of hatching the worms from these loose eggs. The little insect, when he gets his head and fore legs out of the shell, reaches its claws ahead, and seizes hold of the paper or board, and in this way speedily pulls himself out of the shell; but if the egg be not fastened to the paper, he cannot thus pull himself out, but pulls the shell along. In this way we have seen a little worm working and struggling for an hour, and very often perish at last. It is not uncommon to see them come out *tail first*—in that case, they are worse off still; for as soon as their first pair of teeth touch any external object, they push themselves about, with the shell covering their head and the fore part of the body. When the eggs are left glued upon the paper, as is the custom in this country, they are not subject to spontaneous heat, and are consequently preserved with more certainty; and at the time of bringing them out, none of the worms are lost from difficult hatching from the above cause.—*Ibid.*

PROSPECT AND PRICES OF THE MULTICAULIS.

It will no doubt be expected of us to give our opinion as to the prospect of sales, and the probable prices of the multicaulis, the ensuing season. The numerous personal calls we receive daily, if nothing else, show that this is expected of us. We would much rather leave the whole subject to the decision of time; but as we have no choice, we give our opinion, such as it is—suggesting that it be borne in mind, that we have no pecuniary interest to be affected by the result, one way or the other, that we do not own, nor have we any interest in *five hundred trees*, and that our whole, sole object, in all we write, or say, or do, is the success of the great cause, the good of our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

We most sincerely believe that the prices of trees the coming season, will be fifty cents, or upward, for fair sized well matured wood. At present, however, that price cannot be obtained, for various and conclusive reasons. People seldom purchase trees or seeds to plant, till near the time of planting. Last year, it is true, owing to the excitement, the great majority of sales were made in the fall and winter. But the coming season will be different, so far as we can judge. Planters of trees will prefer purchasing in the latter part of winter and in the spring, to running the risk of keeping them over winter; and, hence, attempts to sell now will generally fail, or succeed only at the expense of a material reduction in price.

We know full well that sales have been made at 30, 35, 40, and even 50 cents a tree, for large quantities, and some smaller sales have been made at even higher rates; but not enough of either to establish a market value to the article at this time, when there is no market for it, properly speaking. But the publication of these sales has induced growers of trees to rush upon the market with the hope of selling at the same prices. They see these publications, think they are the current prices, easily attainable, and are astonished to find that they cannot get them, or any thing like them, when they offer *their trees* in market. Now the whole fault lies in the time of offering to sell, not in the value of the article offered. Suppose that the farmers should all at once come to market with all the wheat in the country, what would be the effect? The market would be overloaded with wheat, and sales could not be made of any of it, except at a great reduction in price.

Let growers of trees bear in mind the simple fact, that judicious people never purchase perishable articles six months before they want to use them; and above all, let it be remembered, that farmers seldom purchase seed or plants any length of time before they are ready to plant.

We have no reason to change our opinion heretofore expressed, of the probable amount of the present crop throughout the country. Most sincerely do we believe that there are not trees enough in any one state in the Union, to supply the home demand of that state, for legitimate silk growing purposes. We believe, that, when the season of planting arrives, and the tree market shall be thus fairly opened, every fair sized tree in the country will be taken at 50 cents or upward. Till then, growers must expect to hear of great sales at high prices occasionally, but of a depression in prices, and extreme difficulty in selling at reasonable prices generally. Growers of trees will serve their own interests by keeping out of market entirely, until the proper season arrives, then they will readily effect sales, and get good prices.—*Ibid.*

Sale of Multicaulis.—Thirteen hundred and fifty Multicaulis trees were sold in Washington, N. C. on Tuesday last, from one foot to eight feet high, at *forty-eight cents per tree*, paid for on the spot.

SILK TRADE.

In a few years, if the silk mania does not cool in this country, we shall import no silk from the East Indies, and probably none from Europe. Whatever may be the policy of free trade and reciprocal interests, it is evident that what we ourselves can produce, we ought not to import. What can we substitute for this, for many thousand if not millions of our hard dollars leave this country, never to return, in payment for that very useful plant. We may judge of the extent of our trade with the Celestial Empire from the following table of imports for the year ending with June, 1839:—

Tea, chests,	183,160
Crape, shawls,	19,841
Handkerchiefs, pieces,	28,212
Kinchaws,	2,536
Sarsenets,	2,632
Levantines,	375
Satin do.	600
Satins,	1,300
Satin Damask,	50
Camblets,	74
Pongees,	24,215
Mixed Lustrings,	540
Crapes,	28
Sewings, pearls,	31

New York Star.

SILK CULTURE.

In an address to the people of Kentucky, by a Convention in Fayette county of the friends of the Silk Culture, we find the following statement of the profits of an acre of land in the silk business, as estimated from the experience of the gentlemen named:

Names.	*Pounds of Silk.*	*Profits per Acre.*
Count Dandolo,	130	$720
G. B. Smith,	160	720
Mr. Bradley,	333	1330
D'Homergue,	243	960
E. P. Roberts,	160	720
Mr. Genet,	686	2064
Mr. Lambuchina,	1296	3104
Bailiff Hone,	137	548
Mr. Pufts,	155	620
Mr. Fitch,	155	640
Total	3542	$14,168
Average,	354 1-5	1,416,80

THE OLD BAY STATE VS. EVERY OTHER STATE IN THE UNION.

The annexed is the substance of a written communication from Mr. Ebenezer Warner, of Belchertown, Mass. to the Hampshire Gazette, under date of August 24, 1839:—

"Remarks having been made in the Hampshire Gazette about a white mulberry tree which I sold last winter, for the extravagant sum, as was then thought, of fifty dollars, it may be interesting to mulberry dealers to be made acquainted with its origin, and know what has become of it. About the year 1830, I purchased some white mulberry seed in New York, which I sowed in my garden, in Belchertown. Among the seedlings were four trees of unusual thrift, and larger leaf than the others, one of which was removed from the nursery into the street in front of my house, where it now stands. It has so large a leaf as to attract the attention of travellers, especially of mulberry dealers. Last winter (1838 '9) a mulberry dealer from Connecticut, who had seen the tree when clothed with foliage, asked what I would take for it. I stated 50 dollars, and he said he would take it. I afterward understood that he sold it for about 150 dollars to another dealer, who, within the last three weeks, told me that he had sold many of the buds at one dollar each, that he attempted to start the buds in a hot house last winter, but none vegetated; that in the spring he inserted some buds into the roots of the white mulberry stock, which have grown seven feet this season; that the leaves are larger than any multicaulis leaf to be found in his vicinity; that about 2500 buds were taken from the tree the last winter and spring; and that there is at this time, probably not less than 3600 equally fair and good buds on the tree. He also said he had been offered for the tree and this year's product, the very handsome sum of *five thousand dollars*, which offer he denied. Any person doubting the foregoing statement, may be fully satisfied by inquiring of

EBENEZER WARNER."

Sales of Morus Multicaulis Trees.—Many of the Mulberry growers at Flushing were caught napping on Monday last, and numerous purchases were made simultaneously, at moderate rates, by persons from a distance, who arrived there the previous day; prices have consequently advanced. It appears these trees are wanted for the West, where the Silk business is developing itself with great success.—*N. Y. Star.*

Atkinson's Evening Post
and
Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to S. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and the paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Subscribers must always state the Post-office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

AN UNPLEASANT NOTICE.

We regret to be obliged to give notice to a large number of patrons that, in consequence of their having procrastinated payment for so unreasonable a length of time, we shall be compelled soon, by the first law of nature, to discontinue the papers addressed to them, until they shall see fit to do us something like justice, by the payment of their subscriptions due. We have labored strenuously to gratify and serve them, but our exertions have been disregarded.

☞ Will S. Arnold, Esq. or Mr. Rice, his agent, inform us where a letter will reach them?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article entitled "The *Fruits* of Courting," is only equalled in "gentle flow," by the Stanzas of a modest friend of ours near Dock and Second, who insists that he has no merit, notwithstanding the *proof*, which is per copy. Of course we cannot publish it.

"*P. B. F.*" we must decline. We are too much of a temperance man, to publish many such shocking lines as the *two* following

"We all must live until we die
Then eat and drink and sport your best."

The "Stanzas" by "*W. H. W.*" are accepted and shall appear at an early day.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

It is gratifying to us, to be enabled to give our readers the encouraging news from Europe by the Great Western. Cotton was selling briskly, and the harvest was abundant. The money market was greatly improved, some loans had been effected on American securities, and every thing begins to look bright again. It is certainly not very flattering to our national pride to be thus dependant, upon the flux and reflux of money matters on the other side of the Atlantic, but for the present we must take it as it is. Confidence is much restored already, and the banks are beginning to discount more freely, so that a fair fall business may yet be done. The countenances of our merchants wear a smiling aspect, the officers of banks are more bustling, the brokers put on long faces, and we may reasonably expect that our subscribers now will open their purses, and swell our mail receipts for some weeks to come. We shall relax no efforts to give them the earliest and most important intelligence, with promptitude and fidelity, avoiding as much as possible the sin of filling our paper with trashy stuff, which can benefit none, while we will afford news that will interest all, and in return we will expect them to be faithful to us. Our expenses are enormous, and when hard times induce a general suspension among our subscribers, we feel it severely. We expect to credit all the liberal ones in the next two or three weeks.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

This old and tried favorite of the public still advances in popularity. It is conducted with an ability which demands and ensures success. No paper ever established in this city has done so much to create a taste for reading, and by none has that taste been less defiled. There is a lofty tone in its editorials which is invariably praised, and a display of energy and business talents in the selection of news, equalled by none. Its proprietors are men who make no great noise, personally, but they pursue the tenor of their way, securing the esteem of all whose good opinion is worth having.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

The Managers of the American Institute announce the Twelfth Annual Fair, to be held at Niblo's Garden, New York, commencing on the seventh of October. A deep interest is always taken by this Institute, in the exhibition of cattle and farming stocks. Accommodations will be provided for pure blood cattle, of all kinds. All kinds of machinery and articles of American manufacture will also be exhibited. The Managers take a deep interest in the American Silk culture, and the Silk Convention will be held on the evening of the eleventh of October. Arrangements are being made for a full display of American Silk in all *forms* from the cocoon to the finished fabric. Much good, will result to the country from the preparations for Silk. Our climate is peculiarly congenial to the insect that produces it. The women, children and infirm persons scattered among our population, from whose labors little or nothing is realized, are competent to supply twenty millions of dollars value in Silk per annum, instead of which we have imported it in a single year more than that amount. A sum double the value of the whole exported products of the United States, for the same period, from all our boasted fisheries, with all the exports from our forests, of staves and furs, lumber, masts, and all our manufactures of wood; our naval stores, tar, pitch, turpentine, pot and pearl ashes, &c. and also from our almost innumerable farms; all our exported beef, tallow, hides and cattle, butter, cheese, pork, bacon, horses, mules, sheep, &c. with our entire exports of wheat, corn and flour, superadded. The whole catalogue of this formidable portion of a nation's hard earnings for foreign exportation, did not in 1836 equal twelve millions of dollars, while the imports of silks the same year, exceeded twenty millions of dollars; and by including silk and worsted goods, of which silk constituted an important part, they amounted to over twenty-three millions five hundred thousand dollars. This alarming statement, the report from the treasury department will fully verify. Is it not high time that Silk should command our attention? The mulberry is essential to the worm that produces it. All its varieties should be collected at this Fair, with detailed facts, showing their adaptation to soil and climate, and the quantity of sustenance they afford. We may reasonably anticipate that the interchange of opinions among experienced Silk culturists at this Convention, will be productive of immense advantage. At the last Fair, more than fifteen thousand persons visited it, and the happiest influences have attended these public exhibitions every where.

A NEW TOWN HALL.

The Baltimore American says that the commissioners appointed to superintend the new Town Hall in that city, offer the premium of two hundred dollars for the best plan of a suitable edifice for the purposes required. We learn from an article in the Chronicle that the Act of Assembly on the subject "requires the Commissioners so to arrange their plans as to provide a most capacious market place upon the old site, over which additional stories are to be erected for the public convenience and accommodation after the manner so successfully adopted at Faneuil Hall, Boston." In obedience to which requisition of law we learn that the Commissioners contemplate erecting the entire superstructure of the Market Place after the most tasteful and beautiful model, and to arrange the interior by providing a spacious Armory for the deposit of the arms and accoutrements belonging to the State of Maryland which may be required in the city of Baltimore, a convenient and extensive drill room for the accommodation of the Volunteer corps of the city, a Public Room for Mechanical, Agricultural, and Scientifical exhibitions or assemblages of the people in town or ward meetings, and to surmount the whole with an elevated Cupola, containing a Town clock, an Alarm Bell, and Fire Pointers, as an auxiliary to the usefulness of the Fire Department of the city. We hope that this may awaken the public spirit of Philadelphia, and that something may be done to redeem the credit of our city, in this matter. Let a large Hall, like that of New York, be erected, with suitable accommodations for our courts of justice, so that the business of the commonwealth and of suitors may be properly and promptly attended to. Our courts are now often compelled to adjourn for want of room to hold the sessions in. The press has done every thing by a unanimity of opinion to accomplish the result, but no action appears to be taken by the proper powers.

THE UNITED BOWMEN.

Having received an invitation from the Society of United Bowmen, on Wednesday we attended their annual prize shooting, and were much gratified in witnessing the exercises of the afternoon. The day was beautiful; scarce a cloud floated on the deep blue of the clear sky, and a gentle breeze cooled the atmosphere rendered warm by the rays of the sun. The shooting ground was a beautiful lawn, the property of Mr. Norris, situated in Turner's Lane, a short distance out of the city. It was enclosed with lists, without which were placed two rows of benches for the accommodation of spectators. At the foot of the lawn, and by the side of the lower targets, the three flags of England, France and America, threw their magnificent folds to the passing wind. Further up on the field a handsome tent or pavillion was erected, over whose top waved the white ensign of the Bowmen, with its rich and appropriate devices of Archery and its appliances. Near it were standing a fine band of Musicians in full uniform, performing on their different instruments in the interval between the rounds, and opposite to them on a table, covered with a snow white cloth, their prizes were placed, surrounded with delicately entwined wreaths of beautiful roses. The Bowmen dressed in their suits of lincon green, presented a very picturesque appearance. At least a thousand spectators surrounded the lists, composed of the beauty and fashion of our city, among whom were many of the fair, dressed in a style of elegance rarely surpassed, witnessing the exploits of the Archers with interest and delight. We were translated in imagination, back to the good times of ancient "Archerie," when bold Robin Hood, with Little John, and "his merry men all," ranged the forrest of Sherwood, and performed those notable feats which have been handed down to posterity, through the medium of the old English ballads. But to return. The shooting continued about an hour, when the prizes were awarded as follows:

The first prize, a massive silver vase, to be kept one year, to R. B. Davidson.

The second prize, a silver goblet, to S. P. Griffiths, Jr.

The third prize, a silver goblet, to E. W. Keyser.

The Fourth prize, a silver arrow, to F. Peale.

The company then dispersed and a long train of splendid vehicles conducted the large assembly to their respective homes, all, no doubt, highly gratified. Altogether it was one of the most stirring and agreeable scenes, we have ever witnessed, and those who had the arrangement of it, deserve great commendation. The exercise is healthy and amusing, therefore we take leave of the United Bowmen, by wishing them great success.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

The St. Augustine Herald states that one of the laborers in Mr. Dallam's employ has arrived at Tampa, with the following story, which, in addition to his being a man of credibility, is corroborated by the marks of ligatures on his arms, and of burns on his legs. When the Indians made the attack on Col. Harney, this man was taken alive and tied to a tree with leather thongs. The Indians having completed their horrid work, retired to carouse and dance, and an old squaw brought a quantity of wood, placed it round the prisoner, set fire to it, and went away. A shower providentially coming up deadened the fire and at the same time softened the leather which enabled the man with tremendous exertion, to loose one arm so as to untie himself—then watching his opportunity, he dropped on his hands and knees, creeped to the beach, where finding a canoe, he put off. After reaching what he considered a safe distance, he landed on a point, where he subsisted on raw clams, until he got on board of a small vessel that was passing.

THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society will be held in the Grand Saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. The committee of arrangement have made such exertions as will ensure a rich display of fruits and flowers, and we may reasonably anticipate that the fashion, worth and beauty of the city will be daily in attendance. Who does not love to gaze upon beauty among flowers? to look upon the mellow light of glad bright eyes, and to talk of love among roses? The very thought makes us feel romantic. This Society has done much by the judicious distribution of premiums to foster a spirit for horticultural pursuits, and its exhibitions are always greeted with enthusiasm by young and old. No young gentleman will dare to allow "the three days" to pass over without a ramble with his lady-love among the flowers, and every husband who wishes to slumber quietly o'nights must first take his wife to the exhibition of the Horticultural Society. Such are the facts which will be clearly demonstrated next week.

U. STATES BANK $5 NOTES.

We have just been much surprised and gratified with a sight of what may be considered a harbinger of better times—*it was a Five Dollar Note of the United States Bank, of a new emission!* By the enactment of the improvement bill, of the last session, *any bank* making a loan to the commonwealth, was authorised to issue five dollar notes, and it appears the United States Bank has taken advantage of that act. If the bank should deem it advisable to issue these notes to the amount of the loan, which we understand it has taken, it will not only be a very seasonable relief to thousands of laborers on the public improvements, but advance the State interests, and afford a most acceptable kind of currency to the public generally.

The loans of $2,050,000 authorised at the last session of the Legislature were suffered to hang *without a single bid being offered for them* from the 1st of August last till the present week, but the *heads of the party* fearing a great defalcation in the ranks at the ensuing fall elections, (in consequence of the stoppage of the public works,) have made an arrangement with the *monster* to let them have the required sums, so that a large amount of the most beautiful currency the world has ever witnessed will be afforded to the community—a currency which for many years has borne a premium over gold and silver, over a larger extent of territory than any other 'promises' ever before extended in any country. Two millions of dollars of these handsome pictures will materially assist in meliorating the money market—and we hope that *some thousands of our subscribers who are at present greatly in arrears may be able to favor us with some of them.*

CASE OF THE REV. Z. FULLER.

The jury in the case of the Commonwealth against the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, returned a verdict, on Monday last, of "*not guilty*, and the defendant to pay the costs." The jury were out from Saturday noon until Monday noon, and of course were much divided in opinion. There had been a good deal of what the lawyers term *hard swearing*, and amid the multiplicity of contradictory testimony, it is not wonderful that they should have been somewhat perplexed.

STEAM NAVIGATION.—A line of Steam packets is about to be established by Samuel Cunard, between Boston and Liverpool. Four ships are now building in Scotland for the line, and Mr. Cunard has closed his contract with the British Government, by which they stipulate to pay him £60,000 per annum, for seven years, for transporting the mail; and allow him the privilege of conveying passengers and freight without any restriction.

COMMODORE ELLIOTT.—A majority of the Court of Inquiry that investigated the charges against Commodore Elliott, have recommended that he be tried by a Naval Court Martial—Commodore Stewart dissenting.

ANOTHER BORDER DISPUTE.—Gov. Boggs, of Missouri, Aug. 30th, issued his proclamation, commanding all officers, civil and militia, to execute the laws up to the extreme northern limits, as defined by the Missouri Legislature, and to put down, peaceably or by armed force, any interference from Iowa, or otherwise. The youngest territorial sister seems to be placed in an unpleasant position, and must fall back on Congress to protect her.

FLORIDA.—Accounts from Garey's Ferry to 26th August, states that the Seminoles have all left Fort King. The hostile intentions of the Indians, and their determination to disregard Macomb's treaty, are now no longer doubted. A bundle of four hundred red sticks has been found indicating the re commencement of the war. Tigertail has scattered parties every where to murder all the white stragglers they meet.

ATTEMPT AT MAIL ROBBING.—The Cincinnati Daily Republican says that—"There was an attempt made last week, to rob the great western mail, within a few miles of Morristown, on the national road. The rascal who tried it, made an effort to seize the horses, and the driver was ordered to stop. This order the driver did not feel inclined to obey, and so by applying his lash to his horses, he saved Uncle Sam's money bags, and us our exchange papers."

THE INDIAN'S PROPHECY.

An Indian chief, to whom importunities had been addressed with a view to induce him to remove to a position farther west than that occupied by his tribe, resisted the application upon the ground that the cupidity of the white man would soon reach even that spot, however distant; and that it would be as well for his tribe to wait their inevitable extermination upon the soil within whose bosom their fore-fathers had been deposited. The argument was pressed; and with a view to render it more improbable that the new house to which he was invited would ever be invaded by the rude aggressions of the white man, he was urged to consent to a removal to the delightful hunting-grounds beyond the Rocky Mountains. "It is in vain," said this son of the forest with a mournful and touching eloquence; "neither mountain nor flood can stay the march of the people who have usurped the dominion of the red man. Even now the cabins of the white settler mingle with the wigwams at the foot of those distant mountains, and the red man is fast retreating before the face of the intruders. Soon he will be driven to scale them and take up his abode on the other side; and yet the white man will follow, and persecute, and destroy him, until the dying shriek of the last of the Indian race shall mingle itself with the roar of the Pacific ocean!"

The prophecy of the savage chief is rapidly approaching its fulfilment. The Rocky Mountains are no longer a barrier to the white man. He has taken up his abode beyond; and even now, from the distant regions on the other side of the stupendous chain, comes a voice, asking that the laws which govern the rest of this nation of white men may be extended over the dwellers upon the very shores of the Pacific. A petition of this nature from the Oregon Territory was presented in the senate last session; and the day is evidently not far distant when that territory, of whose very existence a large number of the people of the United States are probably ignorant, will claim her place among the confederated States of the Union. In less than twenty years in all probability, the whole of the territory within the northern and southern boundaries of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will be under the government of separate sovereignties, owning political allegiance to the Federal Government of the Union.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Love will take a benefit at the Philadelphia Museum this evening. He is decidedly the best Ventriloquist, we have ever heard. Those who have not heard him, should visit the Museum this evening. The Hungarian Singers will enrich the entertainment of the evening, by an exhibition of their peculiar vocal powers.

"The Mammoth Circus," has been opened on the lot at the corner of Green and the Old York Road, by Messrs. Fogg & Stickney. They inform the citizens that after an absence of six years, they are enabled to revisit them with their talented company and splendid stud of horses, which they can safely aver is now without a superior in the United States—comprising some of the most eminent native performers, and a number of others from Cooke's Equestrian Circus; combining such a rare collection of talent as cannot fail to afford a rich treat to the lovers of equestrian amusements.

Assembly Building.—The proprietors of the above elegant Saloon, continue to serve up Ice Creams of superior flavors, as usual, and have engaged a Professor of the Piano Forte, who will play several celebrated overtures, marches, airs, &c. &c.

THE HUNGARIAN SINGERS.

The Hungarian Minstrels, who have for some time past made quite a noise in the musical world, have been drawing crowds at the Philadelphia Museum during the past week. Their voices accord so finely, that the sounds might be taken for those of wind instruments. There is something so novel in their appearance, and so wild in the style of their music, that they appear to have taken the whole *town by the ears.* They are fine looking men, with large moustaches, and wearing their national costume. Their engagement, we understand, will be suspended during the Horticultural Exhibition.

THE MAYORALTY.

Some difficulty is likely to occur with the Whig party in selecting a person for the mayoralty. Had not Mayor Roach positively declined, we believe they could not have selected a better man. He has been prompt and faithful in the discharge of all his duties, and has attained the highest praise, that of having it universally said of him, that he has done nothing during his administration, that can give room for party detraction.

THE CAPTURED AFRICANS.

The following letter by Mr. Leavitt, published in the New York papers, will be read with interest.

To the Committee on behalf of the African prisoners at New Haven.

Gentlemen—Having been deputed to visit the company of African captives now in confinement at New Haven, I hasten to lay before you a few particulars respecting their situation. I found them occupying four of five apartments, under the care of the U. S. Marshal, N. Wilcox, Esq. and his assistant, Mr. Pendleton. They seem to be made as comfortable as is consistent with their situation, excepting that they need opportunities for exercise in the open air. This, I hope, will be secured as soon as the Marshal returns from New London, where he has gone to take an inventory of the slaver and its contents. A faithful and accomplished physician, Charles Hooker, M. D. of New Haven, is devoting to them all the professional attention they need. Five or six of them are in the hospital apartment, and some of the rest are slightly affected with bowel complaints. They have all been decently clothed in cotton shirts and trowsers by the care of the Marshal, and will have flannel provided as soon as the physician shall direct. Care is also taken as to their food.

They were not as destitute of clothing when taken near our shore as has been represented in the papers, but had clothing probably lotted on board the slaver, which they did not wear in consequence of the intolerable heat when confined in the hold of the slaver. Great curiosity is felt to see these victims of the slave trade, the first that have been known in Connecticut for a great many years.

Multitudes visit the prison, the keeper charging each one a New York shilling, the avails of which, after a just compensation for his trouble, he purposes to expend for the benefit of the prisoners, or for some charitable object. Objections have been made to this course, but I found some of the most intelligent and humane of the citizens satisfied that the sympathy produced by it is rather favorable than otherwise to the prisoners, and also useful in raising their spirits, &c.

Joseph Cinquez, the leader, is in the cell with the other prisoners; his countenance bears a resemblance to the prints that are hawked about our streets. He is less cheerful than many of the others. They all appear to be persons of quiet minds and a mild and cheerful temper; there is no contention among them; even the poor children, three girls and one boy, who are in a room by themselves, seem to be uniformly kind and friendly.

I took along with me an old African man, who said he could speak the Congo language, in hopes thereby of attaining the means of communication with them, as the newspapers said they speak the Congo; but they all say they are not Congoes. Many of them say Manding, whence it is supposed they are Mandingoes, though it is not unlikely there are persons of several tribes among them.

Unremitted efforts will be made to obtain the means of communication with these unfortunate persons, who have been committed to prison and bound over to be tried for their lives, without an opportunity to say a word for themselves, and without a word communicated to them explanatory of their situation.

They are detained by the marshal on two processes; one the commitment for trial on a charge of murder, and the other the claim upon them as property, by the Spaniards who pretend to be their owners, and by the American captors who have libelled them for salvage.

It is believed there are a number of Africans in this city, of various tribes, some of whom will be able to communicate with them.

Very respectfully, JOSHUA LEAVITT.

THE SLAVE PRISONERS.

A more forlorn company we never before beheld. They were, when we visited them on Monday last, very much emaciated and were but half covered—but they now, with some few exceptions, appear in much better health and spirits, are well clad, and seem quite proud of their new garments. Some of them were shown a small lithographed picture, published in New York, of Cinquez, their leader, and they ejaculated "Cinca," "Cinca," and laughed very heartily. We were present during a phrenological examination of most of them by Mr. Fowler, the celebrated practical phrenologist. He said that he could not discover from the formation of their heads, that they possessed very destructive or malicious propensities; yet nearly all of them had most marked developments of self-esteem, firmness and love of home; which feelings, more than others, he thought, occasioned the insurrection among them. The head of the leader, seemed not altogether dissimilar from the heads of most of the others, except in the region of the forehead, which indicated that he possessed a greater share of intelligence than either of his brethren. The young girls seem very happy. We saw one of them count her fingers in imitation of one of the keepers, and she pronounced each word from one to ten as distinctly as if she had always lived in this country.—*N. Y. Express.*

CARE OF THE INSANE.

The insane at Washington, D. C. are confined in the county jail, and their condition is represented as most deplorable; the cells presenting, according to the National Intelligencer, a "moving and revolting spectacle." It appears strange to us that this kind of treatment is still continued by persons laying claim to sound sense. We do not hesitate to say that nearly every case of confirmed madness has been produced by confining the patient in a cold and cheerless dungeon. For if a sound man be placed in the situation of these unfortunates, and treated with the same barbarity, he will soon become as mad as the wildest maniac among them. The only proper mode of treating insanity is kindness and gentleness, and if by these means the patient cannot be cured, his suffering will at least be alleviated.

The Intelligencer recommends the erection of a National Hospital at Washington, and insists upon its necessity, for the accommodation of "strangers and others, who are attacked by disease, or rendered helpless by accident."—*World.*

In the dreadful ravages of yellow fever, and other pestilences, the mind seems to become callous to ordinary feeling. In the New Orleans Times we find the following:

Rather Soon.—We are informed that on Wednesday while three coffins were being carried from one of the hospitals, in a cart, the tenant of one of them found himself alive—got mad, and "kicked the kiver" off. He was taken out; put into a carriage, and placed in a situation where he may recover. He is another candidate for old Staples' motto, "never died yet."

The Increase in the New York Canal tolls [illegible] year, so far, is $66 577 54 over [illegible] this [illegible] last year.

FOREIGN.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN. TWENTY-FOUR DAYS LATER.

The Great Western arrived at New York, on Tuesday morning last, bringing files from London and Liverpool to the 23d and 24th of August. She made her passage in, in sixteen days and a half, bringing one hundred and ten passengers, among whom, is the Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy, and Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Albany. General Rawlings and Colonel Oakley, who came on in the Great Western, succeeded in negociating a loan of four millions of Illinois bonds on favorable terms.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The London money market has become considerably more satisfactory since the change of weather, and more speculative business has been going forward this afternoon than on any day for several preceding weeks. Should the weather remain favorable, capital will be brought forward with more confidence from day to day; and the Directors of the Bank of England are already speaking of a reduction of the rate of interest for money, and of their great willingness and anxiety to afford an early stimulus to general trade. The additions to their stock of bullion have been very considerable during the last ten days; and the whole exportation of bar silver was not more than 30,000l. for the recent week.

In American securities there is at length also something rather more favorable to report, for though the quotations are very reduced, there is a revival of business at these low rates. The principal sales during yesterday and to day, have been $120,000 of Pennsylvania 5 per cents. at 87; $100,000 of Indiana 5 per cents. at 75, and $75,000 of Ohio 6 per cents. at 93. The shares of the Bank of the United States are 23l. 10s. to 23l. 15s. Respecting the various new stocks, the only intelligence of importance is, that Gen. Rawlins, the commissioner for the negotiation for the Illinois Railroad bonds, has completed a contract for the iron, to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars, with Mr. Thompson, an Alderman of London, and the head of one of the large iron works in Wales. Messrs. Wright & Company, of Henrietta street, Covent Garden, it appears are to take the Railroad bonds, and give security to Mr. Alderman Thompson for the iron required; and the commissioners are alone to receive money from Wright & Co. to the extent of $30,000 at the present time, and engage for future advances, according to the progress of the works. The price of the iron, rate of interest for advances, or other particulars of the arrangement have not transpired. None of the other companies have succeeded in obtaining purchasers for their bonds, and the Illinois Canal Commissioners, and the gentlemen from Missouri, have returned home, and left their securities in the hands of their friends in London, until a return of better times.

THE HARVEST.

The most important event to the country is the probable result of the wheat harvest in England and on the continent of Europe. In France most of the grain had been harvested and the crops were remarkably good. In the southern parts of England the wheat harvest was nearly over, and the crops generally good. In Wiltshire very little was cut, up to the 23d, but the crops, it is believed, will be tolerably good. In the midland counties the prospect is not quite as favorable, and in the north the crops will be decidedly bad and the harvest very late. The weather for many days had been fluctuating, and so had been the prices of wheat. In Mark Lane on the 19th of August, wheat advanced 2 a 3s per quarter, and a farther advance was looked for the next market day, but providentially the weather cleared up, which is at all times a barometer for regulating prices.

THE CANADAS.

The act for making temporary provision for the government of Lower Canada received the royal assent on the 17th of August.

The 1st section provides that the Special Council shall consist of not less than twenty members, and no business to be done unless eleven be present.

Section 2, repeals the provision of the act of 1 and 2 of Victoria, ch. 9, preventing the making of permanent laws. All permanent laws to be laid for thirty days before Parliament previous to being confirmed.

Section 3, repeals the provision of the late act prohibiting taxation. No New tax to be levied except for public works and objects of municipal government, and such taxes not to be appropriated by government.

Section 4. Repeals the provision of the late act prohibiting the alteration of acts of Parliament, but no law to be passed affecting the temporal or spiritual rights of ecclesiastics of the law of tenure.

Section 5. All laws to have a publication in the Gazette before going into effect.

THE PENNY POSTAGE ACT.

The following is a summary of this important bill:

Section 1. Every letter of a given weight, to be hereafter determined, one penny; with a proportionate increase for greater weight. Parliamentary franking abolished.

Sec. 2d. The Lords of the Treasury are authorised to suspend, wholly or in part, any parliamentary or official privilege of sending or receiving letters by the post free of postage, and to make any other regulations for the future exercise of official franking.

Sec. 4. Relates to the two-penny post in London and Dublin, and leaves it to the Lords of the Treasury to say whether they shall be continued, or whether the rates shall be reduced.

Sec. 5, 6, 7 and 8. Relate to stamp papers.

Sec. 9 and 10. Unimportant.

Sec. 11. Authorises the Lords of the Treasury to make any reduction they may consider expedient in the allowance to masters of vessels for letters conveyed by them.

Sec. 12. That whenever the word "letter" is used in this act, it shall apply equally to newspapers; but not so as to deprive newspapers of any privilege they now possess of passing free of postage.

STEAM PACKETS TO THE WEST INDIES.

It is already known that steam ships are building to run twice a month between England and Halifax. It has been officially announced that the government intend to have steam communication with all the West India Islands. The arrangements were thus stated in the House of Commons on the 21st of August, by Mr. Secretary Wood of the Admiralty. It was on a motion of Mr. Hume for copies of the contract.

Mr. Charles Wood objected to the honorable gentleman's motion, but gave him the information he required. The lowest tender, which has been received, in an answer to a public advertisement, for the North American mail to Halifax, is 45,000l. a year; the mail to be conveyed once a month. This proposal appeared too high, and the Admiralty have since made a private bargain for 50,000l. the mail to be conveyed once a fortnight. Arrangements have also been made for a mail from Halifax to Boston once a fortnight, the total annual expense of which would be 60,000l. these arrangements have been made for seven years. No contract has yet been entered into for packets to the West Indies, but government do not expect to make a similar bargain for that station with any party, unless they have interests of another kind at stake in the West Indies. No offer has been made to the Admiralty half so good as that which has been taken. Parties have proposed to perform the duty for 240,000l. and their offer has been accepted.

The number of steamers required for this service is 14. The arrangement will take effect in the summer of 1841; as soon, in fact, as the steamers can be built. This arrangement is to last ten years. The Solicitor General pointed out the injury that would be sustained by the royal navy if the openings for employment which presented themselves in the packet service were thus closed, and thought government should stipulate that the station should remain where it had been for 150 years—at Falmouth. With regard to the first objection of the learned gentleman, it is perfectly clear that naval officers, as in the case of the Great Western (which employs three officers of the royal navy) and the British Queen (which employs two) will be preferred as their commanders, if so disposed, and at a more liberal rate of remuneration than the royal navy would vouchsafe them.

On this subject, interesting to our mercantile interest, the Standard holds the following language:—

"This extensive and well combined operation embraces every colony, British and foreign, and the coast of America from Surinam to New Orleans, at the same time furnishing all these countries with a connected line of packets for correspondence and passengers with each other, and with New York and Halifax, as well as with Europe, by the direct line from this country to and from the West Indies. The course of post with the West Indies from London to London again will be 58 days, with abundance of time at every place, from 3 days to 15 days, as may be (Jamaica will have 10 days) to reply to letters, and besides their ordinary course of post, as just mentioned. Barbadoes, Grenada, St. Thomas, and Porto Rico, and also a portion of Hayti will be able to communicate with London in 43 days."

"We hear also that it is contemplated to connect with this plan a line of sailing packets from Panama to Sydney, by which the course of post between that place and London might be brought to about five months."

HANOVER.

According to the Leipsig Gazette, the King of Hanover [illegible] has been induced to adopt conciliatory measures, at the instance of the Austrian government. Prince Metternich, it appears, has obtained a concession, which was frequently refused to the King of Prussia.

ALGIERS.

The French government, it would appear, are making a formidable expedition against the Bey of Tunis, to be commanded by the Duke of Orleans. They demand of the Bey to give up his frontier fortress Kept and pay the same tribute he did to the Dey of Algiers. It is clear that Louis Philippe meditates subjugating the whole of the African coast of the Mediterranean, and probably Egypt also, when they have augmented the extension of their territory thus far. France first shielded and encouraged Tunis in her rebellion against the Sultan. Now she falls upon her.

SPAIN

Is still in a deplorable condition, and there is no prospect of a speedy change. The last accounts speak of a revolt against Maroto. The Memorial des Pyrennees of the 17th of August, states that all the provinces had declared against Maroto. A few days ago, while on the frontiers of France, we conversed with an English officer who had just arrived from Spain—he informed us that matters were about as bad as they could be, and that but very few English were now engaged with either of the contending parties.

The last dates from Madrid mention that the cabinet was in the greatest embarrassment, a majority being of the opinion that it was not practicable to meet the Cortes at present. In alluding to the defection of Maroto a Madrid paper remarks—"It is believed that Generals Espartero and Maroto have concluded an arrangement of the following nature:—Don Carlos to be banished for ever from Spain, but to be allowed an adequate pension. The Carlists are to preserve all their ranks and titles, and the northern provinces to continue in the enjoyment of their fueros."

A letter from Madrid states "that Don Carlos left San Esteban on the 15th, for Estella. Just as he was getting on horseback, he addressed the troops and said, 'I have no confidence in any general; I am going to put myself at the head of the army with my son: will you follow me?' The soldiers all replied, 'We will follow you to the death,' with the greatest enthusiasm. Elio remains with the 9th and part of the 7th battalion of Navarre, watching the revolters. All the peasants and troops are said to be ready to rise in favor of Don Carlos against Maroto; but every thing will depend on what is done at Estella.

AFFAIRS OF THE EAST.

In the House of Commons on the 23d of Aug. the following important announcement was made by Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Hume asked the noble lord the Secretary of State for the foreign Department, whether the statement which had recently appeared in the public journals was true—namely, that the five powers had agreed on a basis for the settlement of the affairs of the East.

Lord Palmerston was glad that the honorable member for Kilkenny had asked him the question, because it would enable him to state that which he had no doubt would be satisfactory to the house to hear—namely, that on the 28th of last month a note had been presented to the ministers of the Porte, signed by the representatives of the five great powers, technically called a collective note, which stated that they were instructed by their respective governments to inform the Porte, that the five powers were agreed generally as to the affairs now pending between Turkey and Egypt, and that they were directed to ask the Porte to suspend any negociations into which it might have entered with Mehemet Ali, and not to proceed therein without the knowledge and concurrence of the five powers. That note has been accepted by the Turkish government with great thankfulness. The house might therefore be assured that there would be no disturbance of the peace of the East, unless some new subject of difference arose, of which there was no prospect whatever at present.

Great efforts are making by the five powers to prevent any war in the East. Lord Melbourne said in the House of Lords, on the 20th August, that the victory at Nisib was not very complete.

Mehemet Ali wrote, July 10, a letter to the young Sultan, declaring his offer of giving to him the government of Egypt, and demanding, in addition, and in perpetuity, all the other provinces under the Viceroy.

The five powers, it would appear, are disposed to take the young Sultan under their protection, and recommend him not to accede to the terms of Mehemet Ali. In case Mehemet uses force, Alexandria is to be attacked. The Captan Pasha of the Turkish fleet was waiting to be dismissed by the Egyptian Viceroy from his command, in order to repair to Malta with his treasures.

The London Times says that King Louis Philippe is sending a confidential agent to Constantinople, on some mission which he did not deem it expedient to intrust to the accredited Ambassador of France to the Sublime Porte.

TURKEY—*London, Aug.* 22.—Letters from Constantinople of the 31st ult. confirm the accounts previously received of the acceptance by the Porte of the mediation of the five great powers in settling all differences between the Sultan and the Viceroy. Nevertheless the Hadj Saib Effendi, accompanied by M. Asselin, an attache of the French Embassy, was to set out for Alexandria, with a splendid decoration for Mehemet Ali, and with all its dependencies, to the Viceroy and his family, provided he would consent to restore Syria to the Sultan.

Clot Bey, the first physician of the Pasha of Egypt, arrived at Marseilles on the 15th inst.

At 3 o'clock on the 17th inst. the three decker Montebello, with Rear Admiral Lassusse on board, sailed from Toulon for the Levant.

Late intelligence from Constantinople to 3d Aug. states the rumor that Ibrahim Pacha was about to enter Konieh, and that in consequence of Russia preparing to act upon the movement, Admiral Roussin had ordered the French Admiral Lalande to hold himself in readiness to enter the Dardanelles. The young Sultan is indisposed. The Russian Ambassador had several interviews with the Turkish minister Kosrew Pasha.

By news from Malta, we learn that Mehemet Ali is reported to have declared to the European Consuls that he did not mean to detain the Turkish fleet, and that it was at perfect liberty to return to Constantinople. Letters from Odessa announce that the Russians were freighting transports in that Harbor and at Taganrog.

PROGRESS OF THE CHARTISTS.

The Chartists are quiet in some parts of the kingdom and quite riotous in others. The Bristol Journal of August 24, says, "The itinerant tours of Chartist agitators, with the long train of evils which followed from the excitement produced by inflammatory harangues, may now be considered at an end, the failure of the 'sacred month' having given Chartism its death blow."

There are accounts of the Chartists attending church in large numbers at different places. They filled the church of St. James in Clerkenwell on Sunday, the 18th of August with an immense multitude, the greater part of whom seemed in distressed circumstances, and among whom were several aged men. A strong police force was present to prevent disorder; but the Chartists entered the church and left it in the most decent and peaceable manner.

Their behaviour was different on the same day at St. Stephen's church in Norwich. Five or six thousand people came into the building. In the midst of the sermon they called upon the minister to "come and weave bombazines," and some lifted their sticks. The peaceable part of the congregation became alarmed, the clergyman hastily closed his discourse, and the regular congregation escaped through the doors and windows, amid shrieks and confusion. The Norwich Cathedral on the same day was filled with Chartists, but no disorder took place.

The Bishop of Durham, on passing the steam ferry at Shields, on the 9th of August, was accosted by a Chartist, who engaged in a dispute with him on the affairs of the nation, which ended in the Chartist collaring the prelate.

Trial of the Rev. Mr. Stephens.—At the Chester Assizes on Wednesday, Joseph Rayner Stephens, dissenting teacher, was convicted of having tumultuously met, with others, at a torchlight meeting in November, 1838, and attempted to excite disobedience to the laws. The defendant conducted his own defence, and after the case for the prosecution had closed addressed the jury for five hours. The learned Judge, when the verdict had been returned, sentenced the prisoner to be imprisoned for 18 months in Knutsford House of Correction, and to find bail for five years, himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each. Thompson and other prisoners were also convicted of conspiracy, but no sentence was passed.

Manchester, Aug. 14.—A desperate riot had taken place at Bolton during the night, and an attempt has been made to fire the town. The military have been called, the riot act read, and the streets, after an attempt to clear them at the point of the bayonet, have been the scene of a desperate struggle between the soldiers and the people. It is reported here that two men have been killed and a number wounded. The shops of little Bolton, I believe, were first attacked by the populace, and some of them are said to have been gutted. A special railway train arrived here about three this morning, bringing with it two magistrates and sixteen of the rioters. The latter underwent an examination before the magistrates at New Bailey immediately on their arrival, and have all been sent to Liverpool by the half past 7 o'clock train this morning, to take their trial at the pending assizes.

Seizure of Arms.—During the past week, pikes, muskets, swords, &c. have been seized in several places besides those which we have before indicated. In the north the seizures have been more extensive. The Chartists, in whose possession the weapons were found, have in many cases, been committed to prison despite their declaration that they kept arms for self-defence only, and were guilty of no offence recognisable by the laws of their country.

Foreign Varieties.

The British Queen has 170 first class passengers engaged, and would sail from Portsmouth on the 2d, or on the morning of the 3d September, instant. She may therefore be expected about the 19th.

The rumored marriage of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert of Saxe Cobourg, proves to be a foolish hoax.

The Queen was to prorogue Parliament in person on Tuesday, the 27th day of August. There were reports in London that the prorogation was to be by commission, in order that mention might be made of the intended marriage of the Queen, but this report, although stated by the Morning Post, as by authority, proved to be unfounded, and her Majesty is yet to enjoy the sole advice of my Lord Melbourne.

Marine of France.—The French government are looking to an increase of steam vessels for naval purposes. Their most experienced commander of steam ships, Capt. Soriat, came out a passenger in the Great Western, for the purpose of observing the machinery of this ship, and also to pursue his investigations in the United States. He spent much time in looking at the engine on his passage, and we believe we are correct in saying that he was surprised at the working of the machinery during the severe storm which the ship encountered.

Slave Trade Suppression Bill.—The Royal assent has been given to the slave trade suppression bill. A very strong feeling of indignation prevails in England against the course pursued by Mr. Trist the U. S. consul at Havana.—When the assent was made known to the Commons,

"Mr. O'Connell adverted to the newspaper statements which turned out to be correct, of a conspiracy on the part of Portuguese traffickers in slaves to have poisoned wine on the decks of their vessels in case of capture, and to pour on the water, and thus to destroy, by such horrible means, their captors; and expressed the hope that our government would promptly represent the facts to the Portuguese government, and require redress by the prosecution of the conspirators."

The Great Western and British Queen.—These admirable packets, which sailed from New York on the 1st of August, arrived at their ports of destination after a very short passage. The Great Western arrived at Bristol after a passage of 12 days 11 hours; the Queen at Portsmouth in 13 days 14 hours—being about one day in favor of the Western.

The Hon. Daniel Webster.—This gentleman was in Scotland at the close of August. He was to be present at the tournament. He has been received with marked attention wherever he has visited. In Holland, the papers all speak in high commendation of the American statesman—republishing some of his speeches in the Senate.

The Bank of Ireland.—Mr. O'Connell has obtained a triumph over the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by having driven the latter from his purpose of renewing the charter of the Bank of Ireland. It is postponed until the next session. Meantime a bill will pass allowing the bank a temporary continuance.

United States Bank Agency.—The agency of Mr. Jaudon has ceased in London, and hereafter the bank will draw on Baring, Brother & Co. Mr. Jaudon will spend a few months on the continent, and return to the United States in the spring.

A Mulatto Savant.—The French government seem disposed to acquire a character of great impartiality.

At the distribution of the prize of the grand Concourse of the Royal College of Paris and Versailles, which took place at the Sorbonne on Monday, in presence of the King and Royal family, the prize of honor was gained by a mulatto from Gudaloupe, named Girard, and the first prize of natural philosophy by Philip (Edward) of London.

Louis Phillippe granted pardons, commutations, and diminutions of punishment to 713 persons on the anniversary of his ascension to the throne. This is mercy by wholesale.

French Steamboats.—A private letter from Marseilles, conveys the intelligence that the Chief Naval Engineer, who had charge of the direction of steamboats in the Mediterranean, had received orders from the French Government to prepare a plan of organization for steam packets between Bordeaux and New York. Marshal Soult interests himself greatly in the immediate execution of this plan, which has both a *military* and a *commercial* object. These packet-boats are to be of such size and construction, that they may readily be converted into ships of war of eighty guns.

The largest engines yet employed are of four hundred horse power. It is proposed to give the engines of the French steamers four hundred and fifty horse power.

Murder Twenty Years Ago.—Two men named Bond were on Thursday examined at Uxbridge, charged with being implicated in the death of their grandfather a farmer named Howard, who was murdered in the year 1816, at Yewsley, near Uxbridge, under very mysterious circumstances. The apprehension of the men arose from pretended information supplied by a man named Haynes, at present in Newgate under sentence of transportation, but nothing whatever transpired to fix the crime on the accused, and they were discharged without suspicion, after a very long inquiry. Haynes is a person of most abandoned character, and had endeavored to procure a commutation of his sentence by pretending to disclose the particulars of this affair. The Secretary of State refused, however, to listen to the proposal, and Haynes then made a voluntary statement as above referred to.—*London paper.*

Pedomotive Carriage.—A Mr. Merryweather, of England, has invented a carriage to be propelled by the hands and feet of the persons in it, which on a level road, has travelled a mile in *three minutes!* The machine can, it is said, be comfortably worked at the rate of *eight* miles an hour by *one* person on a common road. There are three wheels, the two behind six feet in diameter, with a triple or three crow crank axle, beneath which are pedals worked by the feet. "For our single selves," we had rather go on the treadmill at once than be treated to a ride in such a "contraption." It is *working* one's passage with a vengeance; no ease in such a carriage; walking must be perfect idleness to riding. "A mile in three minutes!" Think of the pedal movements requisite to fly along at that tune! We trust Mr. Merryweather does not request editors to *try* his invention.

The Archbishop of Sweden, Wallen, died recently at Stockholm. He was the author of the translation of the psalms.

General Sir James Stewart died at Cheltenham on the 19th of August. He was the oldest officer in the British army, having entered as a cornet in 1761.

Sir Robert Clayton died on the 15th of August, aged 93 years. He was a major in the army in 1785.

Lieut. General Sir Thomas Dallas died at Bath, on the 12th of August, aged 81 years.

A man named Edward Hayward seized the bridle of the Queen's horse, while her majesty was riding in Hyde Park. One of the persons in attendance arrested him—he was taken to Bow street, and proved to be a maniac; he was sent to prison.

The Battle of Nezib.—A Prussian officer in the service of Turkey writes to a comrade at Posen, that at the battle of Nezib, Hafiz Pacha had under his command 84 battalions of regular infantry, 33 squadrons of cavalry, 3000 irregular cavalry, and 118 guns; but, after the battle, it was found to be reduced to one-third. This officer, who is an old soldier, says that the route of the Turkish army was so complete that it might be compared to that of the Prussians after the battle of Jena.

LATEST FROM BUENOS AYRES AND MONTEVIDEO.

By the Brig Cyclops, at this port, brings news from Montevideo and Buenos Ayres to a late date. Don Maza, President of the Senate and one of the most distinguished men in Buenos Ayres, was slain by a mob in the Senate Chamber on the 28th June. His son, a colonel of a regiment quartered in the town, was shot by the same mob. This mob consisted of the Government party, and although Governor Rosas has imprisoned a vast number of the said mob, yet *there are strange whisperings about the affair.*

Cullen has been shot, and it is said that some correspondence was found upon him when arrested, that compromised *Maza* or *Maza* and his son, which may account for their assassination. The U. S. ship Fairfield was at Buenos Ayres. The Bark Richard, of Salem, was wrecked on the 5th of July, upon a reef of rocks running in a south easterly direction from the mount. The vessel a total loss, part of cargo and a quantity of specie saved.

Later.—Brig Cayuga, Capt. Walker, has arrived at New York from Rio Janeiro, which place she left on the 4th of August.

Capt. W. states that the French were about to increase their blockading forces before Buenos Ayres, by the addition of more barges and troops.—*World.*

LATER FROM RIO JANEIRO.

In the Rio Janeiro papers are letters from Monte Video to July 11, which are chiefly occupied with the horrible details of the assassinations committed in the Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic, by the order of Rosas.

An Expedition of emigrants from the Argentine Republic, of 500 or 600 persons, is organised, under the command of General Lavelle or Martin Garcia, whence, they intend, it is said, operations against Buenos Ayres, and in which they hope for aid within Buenos Ayres, on account of the reactions created by the late atrocities of Rosas.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

In the matter of Joseph M. Doran, Esq. Attorney at Law, cited before the Judges of the Criminal Court, on Saturday, to show cause why he should not be stricken from the roll of attorneys thereto practising, for an alleged contempt of court, Judge Conrad, in an eloquent and impressive paper which he read to the bar, animadverted strongly upon the want of respect occasionally displayed by the bar to the bench, and concluded by dismissing the matter, and retaining Mr. Doran in his place and honors.

Escape from Moyamensing Prison.—John Dupuy, one of the burglars lately arrested and placed in Moyamensing prison to await his trial, made his escape therefrom on Thursday night last. The manner in which he effected it is strange in mystery, and the only way in which it can be accounted for, is that the turnkey neglected to lock his cell, by which means he slipped out unperceived, and being in citizen's dress, he passed the watchmen and outer door keeper without their suspicions that he was a prisoner. Although diligent search has been made for him by the police and the officers attached to the prison, no tidings had been obtained of him up to last evening.—*N. American.*

A Beautiful Improvement.—The three squares between Ninth and Twelfth, and Spruce and Pine streets, which but two or three years since were a common nuisance, now bid fair to be an ornament to Philadelphia. Clinton street, running from Ninth to Eleventh, between Spruce and Pine, will soon be as handsome a street, for its length, as we have in the city. The First Congregational Church, John Todd, pastor, erected an edifice in Tenth street, Spruce, on one side, and Pine, and by the beautiful buildings that are now being erected on all sides of it, it would seem as though the church were building a city for themselves.

The Artists' Fund Hall.—This building has been commenced on the lot in front of the Academy of Fine Arts, in Chesnut street, above Tenth. It is expected to be finished next spring, if the usual fall exhibitions will be postponed a season.

Serious Charge.—Captain John Young, of the Marque Clarence, has been bound over before Norman Tarr, in five thousand dollars bail, to answer in the next U. S. District Court to the charge of manslaughter, in having caused the death of one of his crew, named Francis, by violently beating him at different times on the voyage from New Orleans to this port.—*National Gazette.*

It is believed to be a malicious prosecution.—*N. E. Post.*

Fatal Accident.—On Monday last, a lad about 12 years of age shot himself accidentally at Tinicum Ferry, whilst engaged in gunning. He had been in the swamp, and when out of it to cool his heat, he jarred it to such an extent that the gun, which was lying across the seats, went off. The whole load entered his body, and he expired shortly afterward. His name is Dick Ball, and his father, we understand, is a watchman at one of our banks.

Forgery.—On Wednesday morning, a respectable looking man, presented a check for $2700, purporting to be drawn by one merchant of this city, and endorsed by another, at the Mechanics' Bank, where it was paid. Shortly after, the signatures were discovered to be forgeries. The offender has not yet been arrested.—*Inquirer.*

A Villainous Act.—The Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Intelligencer says a most villainous act was lately perpetrated on the line of the Reading Railroad, near Hamburg. A volunteer company, belonging to Hamburg, quelled one, and several of the rioters.

The Cholera Morbus and dysentery are said to have been prevailing with great malignity in Huntingdon township, Westmoreland county, Pa. Four persons belonging to one family died in one day.

NEW YORK.

The Great Western steamer of the Lakes, the pride of the West, and just built, had all her upworks destroyed by fire while at the wharf at Detroit on Sunday last. The hull is sound, and the engine uninjured. She will be repaired immediately. She had been on a trip to the Upper Lakes, and returning caught fire while being Lake St. Clair. It was extinguished before burnt out again. Most of the passengers lost their baggage. One gentleman from New Orleans was much burned. Very few articles of value were saved. She cost $100,000.

Lord Tomes.—The New York Courier & Enquirer says:—"The times may be very bad in New York; they no doubt are—but at any rate the Theatres do not feel their effects. They were filled last night to overflowing—even the gallery, with its immense space, and Niblo's, at the close of a most successful season. The following is a calculation of the probable receipts, which we think will not vary much from the truth:—Park, $1200; Bowery, $1650; National, $700; and Niblo's $1000."

A Fancy Stock.—The Delaware and Hudson Canal, is one of the stocks on the fancy list at New York, and serves as a foot ball for the brokers. The capital of the company is $1,315,000. It has been a losing concern for the seven years it has been in operation; having sunk $100,000 year in its coal mining business, a part only of which has been made up by canal tolls and income of other kinds. Its business is, however, believed to be improving.

The N. Y. Commercial states that the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church have chartered a vessel, which will sail the 1st of September, with 50 passengers, all connected with the Oregon Territory mission.

Western Produce.—One ship and two brigs recently arrived at Buffalo from Chicago and Michigan City. One of the brigs had a full cargo on board, and the other two respectively brought 3500 bushels of corn, 5000 bushels of wheat, 5500 bushels of corn, 325 bbls. of pork, and 1500 bbls. the flour was from St. Josephs, (Michigan) and the wheat and corn principally the produce of Indiana.

Escape of Convicts.—Three prisoners effected their escape from the Penitentiary at Blackwell's Island, on Saturday afternoon, by getting possession of a boat and rowing across to Long Island. They were discovered by means of the cable, whose musket burst, by which he lost the thumb and three fingers of his left hand.

We learn from the Courier and Enquirer, that Webb, senior editor of that paper, has gone to Cooperstown, to defend himself in an indictment sought against him by Mr. "J. Fenimore Cooper," author of Precaution, The Monikins, and a Letter to his Countrymen. It is a beautiful time of day, to be sure, for the editor of a newspaper to be hunted in this way. A newspaper which has done nothing under heaven but to express in a perfectly fair criticism, what ninety-nine out of a hundred of every man and woman in the country, side to read, believes. If "liberty of the press" is really becoming a vicious boon in this our blessed land. Mr. Jordan of this city, is Mr. Webb's principal counsel and we are very much mistaken if he is not cause of very sore aches to Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, before the business is through with.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Enlisting Soldier Discharged.—The Recorder of New York discharged a young man named Daniel Haley from the Marine service of the United States on Friday last, on the ground that he had enlisted without the consent of his father.

Sch. Weather.—Monday, in New York, was one of the most sultry days had this season. The mercury was at 86 degrees in the middle of the day, and at 6 o'clock in the evening it had gone to 78.

Lottery Tickets.—A man named Joseph Paine has been found guilty, at the New York Sessions, of selling lottery numbers, contrary to the laws of that State.

The Deaths in New York, for the week ending July 7th, were 196.

EASTERN.

Singular Death.—In Ashburnham, Mass., on Gipson, aged 60, while engaged in felling a tree, met death in a very sudden and unexpected manner. He had cut the tree almost off at the root, and judging it not safe to stand near it, he went of a considerable distance before it fell, but the tree, by falling against other dead one which stood not far distant from it, glanced off precisely in the same direction in which he ran. He had almost reached the top of the tree, when it struck him with the violence, forced him to the earth and killed him.

Odd Cute Trick.—An expedient was resorted to a few nights since, to obtain a berth on board one of our coasting packets, which deserves record. Night came on, and it was found that the number of berths multiplied by two was not equal to the whole number of passengers. Of course the deck and cabin floor caught the lot, almost that did not turn in soon after night-fall. About midnight, those on deck thought it time for a little in the affairs of men, which taking in the flood should lead them on" to more comfortable quarters. One of the number ran softly to the gangway and roared out lustily—"Man overboard." This is like a cry of fire on land, and the deck was soon covered with half naked men prompt to the rescue. Their anxiety was dispelled just in season to learn that every man's berth was snugly packed with a deck passenger. The rudeness of the joke filled all rising indignation.—*Barre Gazette.*

Spartan Cape Cod.—We learn from the Barnstable Patriot that a *flock of black fish*, some of them twenty feet long, were lately discovered near the shore at North Dennis, on the Cape. The alarm was given, and the whole posse were surrounded by boats and driven into shallow water in the harbor, when the work of death commenced. They were attacked by the hardy fishermen armed with lances and knives, and led on by Henry Hall, who first discovered them, and who is now four score years of age—but who was as active in capturing and killing them as any of the boys. The fish killed were worth twenty dollars a piece, on an average!

A Great Gun.—A gun was recently cast at Alger's Foundry, at South Boston, which is supposed to be the largest ever cast in America. It is similar to those used by the French in their attack upon Vera Cruz, and will carry a ball weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and when ready for use, will weigh ten tons.

Paying for Immediate's Driving.—In the Boston Common Pleas last week, two gentlemen of Boston, named Hancock and Bartlett, were mulcted in $375 damages for driving over a lady in Court street, while riding in a gig, about nine months since.

The Prize Essay.—The Boston Committee appointed to examine the Essays upon the best system of Common School Education, presented for the prize of five hundred dollars offered by the American Institute of Instruction, have been unable to complete the examination in season to designate the successful competitor at the time proposed—the recent annual meeting of the Institute. A delay of a few weeks may be necessary, when the result will be announced.

The Jubilee at Cape Cod was a wonderful affair. Such an outpouring of the generation of fishermen and their kinfolk never was seen on this sea-beaten promontory, whence some of the best of New England's blood claims parentage. Dr. Palfrey's oration was two hours long, and most learned and eloquent. Fifteen hundred ladies and gentlemen dined under the pavilion. They marched in procession to music. Governor Everett and others made speeches.

One of the Africans of the Armistad, named Antonio Sisset, died on Wednesday night week in prison. He was brought to New Haven in a feeble state, and was one of the leaders in the revolt. Several Africans of the Congo tribe, who visited the crew of the Armistad for the purpose of conversing with them and ascertaining their story, were unable to communicate with them, as the crew belong to the Mandingo nation.

Extravagant Love of Dress.—The monthly list of prisoners in Boston jail shows at this time but ten debtors; of these, six are at the suit of their tailors.

WESTERN.

Caution to Eaters of Tomato Pills.—The Maumee (Ohio) Express has this significant paragraph, which we commend to the patronizers of mercurials:

We are told that a gentleman up the river lately got salivated by eating tomatoes. Tomato sore mouths are getting to be very common since tomato pills have come in fashion.

Audacious Theft.—Under this head, it is stated in the Chillicothe (Ohio) Gazette, that Messrs. Carlisle, of that city, in opening sundry boxes of merchandise, received from N. York, by way of the Erie Canal and the lake, discovered that several of them had NORAH AND NINEVEH the transit, of a part of their most valuable contents—such as laces, gloves, &c. to the amount of several hundreds of dollars. The boxes, it appears, had been ingeniously opened at the bottom, and closed in such manner as to defy detection before they might be emptied with the invoice in hand.

This is not the first time in which we have had accounts of such depredation being committed on the passage of goods to the west. It is to be hoped that a most rigid and searching scrutiny will be instituted, to the end that the "*spoilers*" may be discovered and punished as they deserve—that is, to the full extent of the law.

The Cincinnati Republican notices a rumor that the State of Indiana has recently lost a very large sum of money by her Fund Commissioners, through the agency of a broker in the east. Report says, the Fund Commissioners placed bonds of the state to the amount of $1,000,000 in the hands of a broker, signed and executed, and the broker was to obtain the funds. It seems he did so and failed, and left the Fund Commissioners an empty bag to hold.

Grist Mills.—There are about two hundred grist mills in Michigan to grind up their fine wheat crops.

Another Slave Murder.—Tabitha O'Neal, of Gibent, Ind. was horribly butchered by one of her slaves a couple of weeks since. The wretch literally hacked her to pieces with a sharp wood axe. He was secured.

He will doubtless be committed, and will suffer justly. But we ask by what authority slaves are held in Indiana? By the ordinance of 1787, under which the North Western Territory was ceded to the United States by Virginia, slavery and involuntary servitude were forever prohibited in that territory.—*Herald.*

Breach of Promise.—Our readers probably recollect that a Miss Washburn obtained a verdict of $1000 in the Huron Common Pleas, against an unfaithful swain by the name of Wells, and that the lady offered to relinquish all but $300 of the judgment. Wells thought even that sum and costs too much for his broken promises, and appealed to the Supreme Court. At the last term in Huron county, the case was disposed of, and a verdict of $600 damages was awarded to Miss W. Wells is abundantly able to pay, though judgment and costs amount to some $1800, and if the lady relents the time, she deserves never to be more than half courted hereafter.—*Cleveland Herald.*

SOUTHERN.

Free Negroes in Alabama.—By a law of the last sessions of the Alabama legislature, all the free persons of color who remain in the State after the first of August next, are liable to be enslaved.

Large Reward.—The citizens of Nashville, Tenn. have joined with the Mayor of the city, and Governor of the State, and have offered a reward of one thousand and seventy-seven dollars for the apprehension of Wm. G. Harrison, who murdered William Sandy in that city a short time since. And in addition, a committee of the citizens have in their hands three hundred and thirty seven dollars for the purpose of defraying expenses. It is hardly probable that the murderer has made his way in this direction, but it would be well enough for our police to keep a look out.

An Excuse.—A Southern paper failed to make its appearance at the usual hour, and the editor thus apologizes:—

"And while we are at it, we may as well tell the whole story—our Devil did not take such an over-dose of Dr. Champaigne's Drops, as to keep his brain 'topsy turvy' for three or four days—but it is generally believed that the publisher did—which is the same thing,' in Hades."

The white lead poisoning story from Florida, is reported to be false. Not a soldier died; and the deaths of Captain Mitchell and Lieutenant Pew, were from "high bilious fevers."

Several lawless young men, of Baltimore, went to a camp meeting which was held in the neighborhood, and outraged the feeling of the persons their worshipping by their riotous conduct. One of them, named Ridgely, afterward quarrelled with Mr. Nimrod Owens, at Frederick, and stabbed him in several places with a bowie knife. He was held to bail in $1000. Such a fellow ought to have been committed to prison.

Assassination.—The Tuscumbia Alabamian states that on the 17th ult. about dusk, the lifeless body of Colin Bishop, Esq. Post-Master at that place, was found in the street, about half a square from the Post office. A deep and broad wound, made apparently with a bowie knife, had been inflicted in the left side, penetrating the lungs, and a slight wound on the chin. The decision of a Coroner's inquest, held over the body, was that the deceased came to his death from the wound in the side; but nothing transpired, at that time, to give any clue to the assassin. On the following day a man named James M. Mitchell, a painter, who had resided in Tuscumbia for two or three years, was arrested on suspicion of having perpetrated the murder, and was committed for trial.

Unusual.—A fellow in Apalachicola advertises that he has left his wife and family on account of their misconduct, and forbids any person from trusting them, as he will pay no debts of their contracting. Does he think by this means to avoid paying debts which his wife has contracted for necessaries? If he does, he may be mistaken.

Signs of the Times.—The Baltimore Republican is a free-hive. The whole of the first, and a large portion of the last page, are filled with insolvent notices, beginning with the great letter B. So much for the patronage of the commissioners of insolvency. A paper thus filled with insolvency, is in no danger of becoming insolvent.

Murder.—The Iberville (La.) Gazette of the 24th ult. says the Captain or owner of a small trading boat was barbarously murdered on board of his craft, on Thursday night previous, while lying at Davenport's landing, supposed to have been done by one of his slaves.

Result of the canal redings in Maryland.—The troops destroyed 40 to 50 shanteen, 120 guns and pistols, and took 36 rioters prisoners. The canal laborers have still about 500 arms concealed. They use also secret passwords and countersigns. One of the German laborers attacked by the rioters, was nearly roasted alive.

A Ticklish Subject.—The editor of the Washington Metropolis says that "women are ticklish things." We expect some of the Washington beauties have been laughing at his ugly face and attempt at wit.

"Yellow Fever."—For the seven days previous to the 20th ult. there were 179 interments, from yellow fever, at the Potter's Field, Apo Orleans, and about 15 at the Protestant and Catholic cemeteries. The average deaths by the fever was 18 per day.

Professor Rogers, the eminent State geologist of Virginia, chisled great praise in one of his recent beautiful lectures; and in the Richmond town, in that State, in the midst of the romantic mountain regions he has so successfully explored. He spoke of the *Blue Ridges* as exhisiting in their marine petrifactions, &c. veritable evidence that this back bone of our country was once the shore of that vast ocean that rolled onward to the Rocky Mountains. The same event which has dried that ocean, brought up to within accessible reach the edges of those strata which furnish the rich metals of the State. The discourse was eloquent as it was profound.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strike him off the Rolls.—A south-western paper has stricken another paper of its exchange list, for a want of the proper courtesy which should exist among editors. If this were done in all cases where such want of courtesy is discovered, how many party political papers would be left in the country?

The Poles.—The land granted years ago by Congress to the Polish refugees, has never been surveyed, and so the grantees have never been put into possession.

To preserve Bees from Moths.—Place at the mouth of the hive, indigo, tobacco, or a fine powder—as the bee passes over it, a portion will adhere to his feet, and be carried into the hive. The indigo will be agreeable to the bees, but poisonous to the moth.

The English packet arrived at Havana from Vera Cruz last, on the voyage, a number of her officers and crew by yellow fever. She had on board $1,300,000 in specie for the Bank of England.

A Cat Story.—An English paper says that a man was recently fined forty shillings for being off a cat's tail. The New York Era asks if it would not have been better to have given him the cat itself.

Infamous.—The Journal of Commerce says that twenty-three vessels, under the American Flag, have sailed from Havana for the coast of Africa, to engage in the slave trade. Three or four Gun Brigs or schooners should be constant ly on that coast, and intercept and send in every vessel in engaged in that shameful traffic.

THE PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD.

The ship carpenters have been actively engaged at our Navy Yard for some weeks. This, at least, is a subject of congratulation, as there is no class in the community that can be said to be more useful, industrious or patriotic. The enterprising superintendent, Mr. Lenthall, is busy as a sailor. Among the vessels now in progress, we may mention a steam frigate, the keel of which is laid. Her length is 205 feet, her stern and stem posts are nearly ready for raising, and a number of her floors are also ready. Also, a sloop of war, rating 16 guns. She will be launched in the course of the present month. The U. S. schooner Enterprise has been repaired or rebitted, and is now getting prepared for a cruise. The U. S. schooner Experiment is being fitted out for a receiving ship. These, be it remembered, are in addition to the large vessel of war under cover, which is the greater proportion of the work of which was completed a long time ago. The Philadelphia shipwrights are among the best in the Union, and should always be kept employed. The vessels they have turned out from time to time, have excited admiration in many sections of the European world.—*Inquirer.*

Office of the Norfolk Beacon, Sept. 10.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.

Captain Nelson, late of the schr. Protector, of and from Philadelphia, arrived on Monday evening, and communicated the loss of his vessel. He sailed from Philadelphia with a cargo of coal, bound to Washington City, and encountered the late gale, in which he lost flying jib and foresail and split the mainsail badly; and also lost deck load—being to the southward of the Capes he bore away for Ocracoke inlet, and procured a pilot on board at 5 P. M. last inst. and in one or two hours after the vessel struck on Jarvis and Brown Shoal at the entrance of Ocracoke—wind fresh from N. E. During the night the wind blew heavy from the same quarter, and the sea breaking over the vessel with so much violence that the boat with every moveable article was swept from the deck, and in fifteen minutes after the vessel filled with water.

The crew remained in the rigging until 9 P. M. the next day when the schr. went to pieces, and the crew were compelled to abandon her, all of them having lost by the exposure and almost exhausted, except ABRAHAM SIMPKINS, of Philadelphia, who was drowned. He has left a wife in Philadelphia. Nothing has been saved from the vessel.

Captain Nelson also informs us that the schr. —, Capt. Decker, of Staten Island, laden with Naval stores, is also ashore there sunk, having previously swept away her masts, besides a number of others not recollected.

DAVID PAUL BROWN, ESQ.

The Travelling Correspondent of the New York American, who has been making a short visit in Pennsylvania, thus speaks of a warm hearted and gifted Philadelphian:

As we approached the city, the cars took up David Paul Brown, Esq. who was returning from a short professional tour in the country. He entertained us with witty anecdotes about the bench and the bar, and with maccabau from a spacious gold snuff-box; both proffered with his own peculiar grace. Have you ever heard Mr. Brown in the forum, or at the festive board? How he dazzles! Others may excel him in compactness of logic, grandeur of conception, strength of diction, and chasteness of imagination; but what fervid sentences arachose, glistening at every angle, and glowing with perfect! Though his unaided reasoning powers would not enable him to cope with John Sergeant in a close and sustained argument, yet, his acuteness—his tact at happy hits—his skill in extricating from a dilemma with such a luminous and plausible manner as to bewilder the beholder—his fervor in defending the strong points of his case, making them the heights from which to fire hot shot upon the weak outworks of the enemy, coupled with his irresistible assault on the risibilities and sympathies of a jury, make him a strong man to manage a desperate cause. Versed in the classics, and a thorough student of human nature, he is often employed to deliver orations on select occasions, and to address popular assemblages of his fellow citizens. Then he shines out unclouded.

SOMETHING NOVEL, TO SAY THE LEAST.

The Army and Navy Chronicle states that Lieutenants Eustis, H. S. Turner, and P. Kearney, have been ordered to France, to study and examine into the French and other European systems of cavalry tactics.

We were always under the impression that our countrymen were first rate horsemen, and as to the employment of cavalry, we believed our nation can come near us in that species of troops. *Mounted Rangers* with carbines, peculiar to our Indian warfare, and which did such execution at *Frenchtown* under Gen. Harrison, in the Seminole war under Gen. Jackson, and more especially in the recent conflicts of the same species of American troops in the late battles of the Texans with the Indians. It is, however, the fashion, to have our countrymen doing homage to royal courts abroad.

A Dear Hand—Singular Application of the Power of Steam.—We have heard of boots being blacked, clothes washed, love-letters written, and butter churned, by the application of steam, but we never before heard of a deer being caught by the same omnipotent agent. The Naomi, on her late passage down the Mississippi, encountered a fine large buck swimming in the middle of the river, and immediately gave chase. Having soon came up with the enemy, she rounded to and threw out grappling irons; but the deer letting out a reef in his topsails, scudded away from their reach. Now commenced a regular and interesting trial of skill. The deer doubled and tacked with the skill of an old privateer, but the steamboat was "there," at every turn. At length, the deer, wearied with his exertions, and dismayed at his persevering adversary, surrendered himself an unconditional prisoner, and was treated with great honor and attention at a public dinner given on board the boat next day.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

A SERVICEABLE TOBACCO-BOX.

In an article in the last number of the Boston Surgical and Medical Journal on the "Tobacco question"—from the pen of Dr. Dowe of Belfast, the following description of an interesting case is given where life was prolonged by the use of tobacco:

At the ever memorable battle of Bennington, there stood in the ranks a New Hampshire militia man, by the name of Jonathan Wheeler. This Jonathan was a man of Herculean strength, with red, bushy hair, a peculiar squint of the eye, and with fighting propensities strongly developed; he was, moreover, a dead shot, cool, deliberate and calculating. He was prepared for action; in his cartridge-box were 24 rounds of ball cartridges; in his canteen, a pint of potato-whiskey; in his breeches pocket, an iron tobacco-box of ample dimensions, which had once belonged to his grand father, old Adonijah Wheeler, of Scatiaugo. When the heat of the battle was over, and Jonathan found time to take a quid of the tranquillizing weed, upon drawing the box from his pocket, he found, with astonishment unutterable, the identation of a musket ball upon the lid. His trusty box had received the charge of some sharp shooter, and in all probability prolonged the life of as brave a fellow as ever swung a knapsack!

From the Washington (N. C) Republican.

STORM ON THE COAST.

The following appalling account is by a gentleman who was on the spot, and beheld the scene which he describes:—

Our coast has recently been visited by a storm more violent perhaps than any heretofore known. On Monday evening, 29th ult. the roaring of the surf gave evidence to the practised ear of approaching danger; while a clear sky and southern breezes served but to lull suspicion in the hearts of those who confide to such treacherous omens. By Wednesday, at noon, the whole coast seemed to tremble under the ocean's surge. The wind then changed to east-northeast, gradually increasing, and, by Thursday morning, it blew with tremendous violence.

As night shut in, the storm increased, filling the sounds and rivers with water from the sea, and threatening destruction to every obstacle that offered to impede its progress. By midnight the scene in Portsmouth or elsewhere was fearful and grand in the extreme. The wind having changed to north-north-west, blew with unabated fury, driving the angry waters from the sound completely over the island, with a force that defies description. The rain fell in torrents; and the wind, lifting the waters up, swept them onward, apparently in sheets, that were snow-drift water. The awful roaring of the elements resembled a continual peal of deep thunder, and seemed to ring the death knell to every ear.

There were few houses upon the island where the rushing waters had not now reached the floors, which were rising and heaving within as the furious force of a door through which death stood prepared to enter. Consternation filled every breast; and during an hour when the waters seemed neither to rise nor fall, it is difficult to conjecture the feelings of those who were alive to the dangers which surrounded them. The storm having now spent its fury, the waters gradually receded; and the first sight of land cheered every heart.

At the day broke, and the gale abated, a heart-sickening sight presented itself among the shipping near the island. Vessels were sunk, ashore, capsized, dismasted, with their exhausted crews clinging to the wrecks, and by signals imploring a succor. So complete was the wreck of silently calm, boats put off, manned by the hardy pilots of the island, and brought the sufferers to shore.

Fortunately the wind backened to about north (at 12 o'clock at night) the tide then commencing ebb. The water, after remaining about one hour stationary, commenced falling gradually, and at day-light we were relieved from a state of danger and suspense you can form but a faint idea of. Had the tide commenced flood instead of ebb when the wind backened, it would have met the waters from the rivers and sounds, and stopping its progress on the island, it is the opinion of the pilots, masters of vessels, and others, that not a house would have been left standing, or a human being would have been left alive. As it was, several stores and other small buildings on the beach side, were thrown down, and others broken down, and the goods, books &c. of one nearly all destroyed. One store was swept from its foundation, and floating some distance erect, was checked by a strong fence, and when the tide fell, was found without any damage to the building, or goods on the shelves. Not even a piece of dry goods had been moved, or a piece of crockery broken. A few groceries standing on the floor were damaged.

A great many sheep and cattle were swept away and drowned. Every garden, of which there were a great number, some very good, as well as every field of corn and sweet potatoes, was entirely destroyed; every fig tree and plant of every description which was not protected or planted on the island as an experiment, which have the appearance of being seared over with a hot iron, no doubt proceeding from the continual pieces of salt water impregnated with the salt sea spray. The window-glass in the second story of my house on the side next to the sea, from which course the wind blew, is completely coated with salt. The damage to the shipping and boats, and the number of vessels in our Roads, very severe. Out of fourteen or fifteen sail, only three escaped.

Fire at St. Louis.—We learn from the St. Louis papers that a destructive fire, attended with loss of life, occurred in that city, on the 31st ult. Eight large stores, with several smaller buildings, have been entirely consumed. Four or five persons have lost by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder. The bodies of Benjamin L. Turnbull, James Hayden, Arthur Brewer, and another, whose name is supposed to be Conway, had been dug out of the ruins shockingly mangled. It was supposed that another body was yet in the ruins. The loss is estimated at about $200,000, and the insurance at about $40,000. The powder which exploded belonged to Messrs. Blake, Tompkins & Barrett, who are deservedly censured for keeping it, in quantity, in their store, and probably their insurance may be affected by this circumstance.

DEBTORS IN LOUISIANA.

The New Orleans Louisianian says:—"There is perhaps no state of the Union in which the unfortunate debtor is so well guarded and protected as in Louisiana. So humane and judicious are our laws, that a man of the most honest man cannot be made to suffer a privation of his liberty. It is only the fraudulent debtor who can be detained in prison at the suit of creditors. A man and faithful debtor of his property is all that is required of one who is in the unlucky predicament of an inability to pay his debts. An individual in this situation, may obtain his release by a form of proceeding very simple and economical. In debts not exceeding one hundred dollars, an affidavit before a magistrate that the insolvent has no property is sufficient to authorise his discharge. When the debt exceeds one hundred dollars, then a formal petition to the court of competent jurisdiction is necessary. Accompanying the petition, must be an affidavit and a schedule, containing a statement of the debts and credits of the insolvent. Upon the presentation of the petition, the judge calls a meeting of the creditors, either in open court or before a notary, according to circumstances, and after the expiration of a certain term fixed by law, if there be no opposition on the ground of the debtor being in fraudulent intention, the insolvent obtains his discharge. This discharge does not amount to an acquittal of the debt, unless two-thirds of the creditors sign such an agreement, but it protects his person from arrest and confinement, though his future acquisitions will be liable, and may be seized for the payment of claims upon his schedule."

MEXICAN MODE OF WARFARE AGAINST THE CAMANCHE AND APACHE INDIANS.

We find in a late file of Mexican papers notice of the *junta*, or society formed in the Department of Chihuahua, on the river del Norte, for repelling the incursions of the Apaches and other Indians, and the following is the plan of action: The association of private individuals, who have subscribed a certain sum, monthly, for the maintenance of a body of two hundred men, who are to pursue the Indians and destroy them in every instance. The Indians, who are a mixed race of hundred and fifty are to be North American rullemen, and the other fifty are to be Mexicans. The command and entire direction of this force is confided to James Kirker, a German settler at the Fort Paso del Norte, on the river of that name, in latitude 32 deg. 30 min. north. He has contracted to furnish men, munitions, and provisions, for the guerilla war.

The Mexican papers complain that North American rifemen are then admitted into the territory of the Republic, and that the command is assigned to a foreigner. There can be no doubt that this force will effectively repel the Indians. Texas is much interested in this private warfare against the Camanchies and Apaches, her greatest enemies. It is rumored that the authorities of Florida propose to carry on the war against the Indians of that territory, without the intervention of the U. States troops.—*Globe.*

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

The Chronique de Paris relates the following extraordinary scene as having taken place at the Court of Assizes. A youth about nineteen was brought to trial for having broken the window of a baker's shop, and stolen a two pound loaf.

The President.—"Why did you steal the loaf?"

Prisoner—"I was driven by hunger."

"Why did you not buy it?"

"Because I had no money."

"But you have a gold ring on your finger; why did you not sell it?"

"I am a foundling: When I was taken from the bank of a ditch, this ring was suspended from my neck by a silken cord, and I kept it in the hope of thereby discovering at least who were my parents: I cannot dispose of it."

The Procureur de Roi made a violent speech against the prisoner, who was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for five years. Immediately upon this a woman, more worn down by poverty than age, came forward and made the following declaration:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, twenty years ago, a young woman was seduced by a young man of the same town, who after deceiving abandoned her. Poor and distressed, she was obliged to leave her child to the care of Providence. The child has since grown up, and the woman and the seducer have grown older,—the child is poverty, the woman in poverty, and her seducer in prosperity. They are all three now in court. The child is the unfortunate prisoner whom you have just pronounced guilty, the mother is yourself, and there sits the father!" pointing to the Procureur de Roi.

A Public Sale of short horn Durhams, which arrived by the ship Napier, will take place at Pepelton on the 20th instant.

CONSPIRACY TO BURN THE PRISON.

One day last week, while the Investigating Committee were in session, a plot to burn the Mount Pleasant State Prison was discovered, which, had it been carried into effect, might have proved fatal to every inmate of the Prison. The plan of the conspirators was to fire the belfry of the prison just previous to the time of locking in the prisoners; and in the confusion that would naturally ensue, accomplish their object. A convict in one of the shops was to furnish a convict in the hall with a skeleton key, by which he could obtain access to the attics of the prison; the convict in the hall had prepared a good supply of combustible materials, and with these and a lamp he was to ascend the attic a little before night, fire them in such a manner that they would burn slowly, and then returning, leave all fast behind him.

The calculation was, that the fire would be discovered just before the men would be locked up for the night, so that in the confusion they might cut the hose of the prison engine, (as had been done in a case of fire at the Auburn prison) and with many others effect their escape. Had the whole of this diabolical plot succeeded, except that the fire should remain undiscovered until the prison was consumed, it is almost probable that nearly every man confined there, would have been smothered to death, as it would have been impossible for the Keepers to rescue them.

The fellow who was to execute the infernal deed, has confessed his guilt, and says, it was their intention, when the fire should break out, instead of assisting to extinguish the flames, to "tear down the prison—as they had done at Auburn!"—*Westchester Herald.*

NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The annual report of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of New York, contains the following statistical account of the apparatus, &c. attached to the department:

"There are (including two at the new alms house) 35 engines in good order, 6 in indifferent order, and 5 rebuilding, 24 hose carriages, with 24,600 feet of hose, two carriages building, and one rebuilding; seven hook and ladder trucks, with 41 ladders and 46 hooks; 37,000 feet of hose in good order and 300 feet of hose in ordinary, making in the whole (including 500 feet at the new alms house) 62,300 feet; also 130 buckets.

"There are at present in the department one hundred and twenty companies, of which twenty seven are not doing duty; viz: 3 engines, 1 supply, 3 hook and ladder; 2 hydrant, and 30 hose companies; none of these companies have either apparatus, hose companies or locations; the present number of men in the department is 1758, of which 269 are doing no duty."

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

BENEFIT OF Mr. LOVE.

Grand Exhibition of Polyphony! and Vocal Concert!

Mr. LOVE respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his Benefit and last night of his engagement at the THEATRE, EVENING, 8 P. M. at POLLOCK'S, will on occasion be his last appearance of announcing the engagement of that Celebrated Vocalist,

MRS. WATSON,

Who will sing two of her most popular Songs, she of that distinguished Pianist, Mr. CHARLES DENMELL, fr. m London, who will introduce several popular Airs, &c.

Mr. LOVE has the satisfaction of stating that he has, with much difficulty, and at great expense, procured the services of the celebrated SOARIA AND DUPUIS, who will for one night only, on appear in Philadelphia to delay their departure in order to assist at the concert, viz:

Mr. WATSON, member of the Royal Academy of Music in London, will preside at the Piano Forte.

Part I—By the Hungarian Singers & Mrs. Watson.

GRAND VOCAL OVERTURE.—By the Hungarian Singers, to which they will introduce a national Hungarian air—Flute, Clarionet, Trombone, and Bassoon—SIGNORA DUPUIS—SIGNORE with ECHO—ANDANTE and RONDO—NATIONAL SONG, with OBLIGATO ECHO—NEW BALLAD—Mrs. WATSON—In the cage when we were Playing along time ago."

Part II—By Mr Love.

Mr. LOVE will appear for the first time in an entirely new character, in the Ballad of "THE FRIENDLY BOY OF A POLYPHONIST! Poet paying a variety of Excellent Songs and Glees, drawn from nature and illustrated at his Humorous Chamber-Concert of Mr. SHOLAGER and Miss TABITHA TOPTONGUE, after which, he will introduce his popular entertainment, entitled

LOVE IN ALL SHAPES.

To the course of which will be introduced the ZOOLOGICAL COURTSHIP, and the characters of a MOLEHEAD and Miss MATILDA MILDEW, also which the Vocal Sketch of LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Part III—The Hungarian Singers & Mrs. Watson.

Mrs. WATSON, "When the Moon rising first Tower"—CONCERTA TE by the Hungarian Singers—GRAND DUO AL—by the Hungarian Singers—Mr. WALLACE, "Ah! Ah! Ah!"—Cinque QUARTETTE, with STACCATO ECHO—Finale.

Charge of Admission FIFTY CENTS, or five Tickets, if purchased during the day, for Two Dollars.

The museum will be closed this evening, on account of the Concert, commencing at half past 7 o'clock. Doors open at 8 o'clock. A. M. Amusement 8 minutes, children half price. jun 14-tf

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

THE Twenty-ninth Horticultural Twenty will hold its Eleventh Exhibition in the Grand Saloon of the Philadelphia Museum, commencing on Wednesday morning, the 15th inst. 1839, to continue three days.

Doors open at 10 o'clock. A. M. Amusement 8 minutes, children half price. jun 14-tf

CASE OF SCALD.

I AM entirely opposed to giving any list of cures in public print, but feel it my duty to depart from the usual rule in this case. I refer all inclining or doubting persons to my office. A lad of about nine years of age and daughter of Mr. L. G. White, cousin of Rev. Jos. Orchard esqrs. The little girl fell down several steps, which had boiling water, just taken from the furnace, and was severely scalded, face, eyes, breast, arms, which took place on the 20th day of August, ultimo. Her brother, who was with her, ran to the house for help. Father and mother arrived, and the state of excitement attained at present, for, said the affectionate mother, she will certainly go into fits, as she is subject to them. My reply was, if that took place, I had come prepared, and would break them in less than two minutes, for I had a good fellow in a stable outhouse and begged of them to be composed. In five minutes, or less time, of or I had cured the severely injured parts, and gave the proper internal remedies, for the relief of pain, and the whole system extended, to the astonishment of all present, and I may add, of myself, for I was at a loss to account for the rapidity with which the injured parts were restored to their natural state. I now not only doubt, but challenge any person (physician or other) who is a better judge of the scalded case of a child, or what is called the Hydrophobia, to do so. I may bring it forth, if such a case is in my power, and let the people know it, I do not use the letter of the law, but I do use my own discretion and see by comparison letters, signed Antoine, &c. for testimonials letters will not be noticed, as these authors are more than likely to be in the contest.

Very respectfully,

J. HARKER, M. D.

N. W. corner of Ge. on and St. John streets.

N. B. Strange as the above may appear, it was all accomplished without mercury, opium, tobacco, or anything of the sort, and can be done again, for it is not a miracle. jun 14-tf

The West Chester Young Ladies Seminary,

In West Chester, Pennsylvania.

DR. J. W. GLOE, Principal. The third educational term in this Institution will commence on the 1st day of November next. The course of instruction in the Seminary is as thorough as any in the country, and encouraged by that in any other in the country, embracing, as it does, all the branches of a useful and highly accomplished education. The others associated with the principal stand pre-eminent in their profession.

In addition to the high literary and scientific character of the school, and its rules of discipline and order, the great accommodation in the commodious building to the young ladies who prefer a private apartment, which enhances in no slight degree the attraction—the

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

From the New York Mirror.

THE ANTHEM AND INCENSE OF NIAGARA.

BY [illegible]

An anthem, "like the sound of many waters!"
The Prophet heard it, as in rapture [illegible]
He lay entranced upon the cliffs of Patmos;
And wouldst thou hear its echoes, go listen
In deep and dread delight—to Niagara!
That everlasting anthem, which has peal'd,
Nor paused a moment, from the birth of ages!
And then an offering of [illegible] incense,
From Nature's altar—[illegible] the vapory column
On which the rainbow [illegible]
Rises higher to heaven, [illegible]
In unison with the [illegible] chorus
Of multitudinous and white-robed waters,
How glorious in the [illegible] of their majesty!
And still the thunder of the [illegible] anthem,
And still the column of [illegible] incense,
Shall greet the far-off pilgrim's ear and eye,
Till the "great globe, with all that it inherits,"
Shall vanish with a crash—like Niagara's.

THE LAST RESORT.—A [illegible] ... "Give me a brandy toddy—I'm going to have fish for dinner."

RE-COLLECTIONS.—The Times gives the following [illegible] ... "but I ought to collect such small things in two or three years, to get paid for my trouble."

Why should authors, dramatists, and milkmen, be classed together? Because they all work at the pumps.

We know a chap in this city, whose nose is so fiery that his wife uses it to heat the oven, boil the kettle, and light the candle in the night when the child cries.

The following from the Boston Morning Post savors a lesson of charity and philosophy. It is a carrying out of Lord Byron's idea, that

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when,
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

A PLAIN TRUTH.—There is a plain but solemn truth in the quotation which we have made: "Where one [illegible] wades voluntarily into crime, a thousand are decoyed into it by unsuspected villainy, or forced into it by the pressure of irresistible misfortune. Let us be charitable, then, toward even those who are apparently the greatest criminals, for we know not but that, after all, they are the wronged. It is better to err with charity, than to run the least risk with its reverse."

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remains, and the more elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigor and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun is set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

DESPERATE MAN.—A northern editor says that he entertains hopes of getting all that is owing him by his subscribers!

NEW DEFINITION.—"Cooperating" is lately used to signify "suing a man for libel."

WEDLOCK.—Hudibras, speaking of the willingness of men to run their heads into a matrimonial noose and of the eagerness with which they are snapped up by the women, thus writes:

"As anglers seldom seek the fly
But leave him of himself t' apply,
So men are by themselves employed
To quit the freedom they enjoyed,
And run their necks into a noose
They'll break them after to break loose."

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.—Lord Erskine was distinguished through life, for independence of principle, for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rule of his conduct, which ought to be generally known and adopted. It ought to be deeply engraved on every heart. He said, "It was the first command and counsel of youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

FORGIVING.—"Well sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "I should commence, sir, with a tribute to the lady's beauty and excellent qualities; from thence, sir, I should diverge to my own unworthiness." "Very good," said Mr. Magnus. "Unworthiness for her only, mind sir," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "for to show that I was not wholly unworthy, sir, I should take a brief review of my past life, and present condition. I should argue by analogy, that to any body else I must be a very desirable object. I might then expatiate on the warmth of my love and the depth of my devotion. Perhaps I might then be tempted to seize her hand. I should then come to the plain and simple question 'will you have me?'"

FEMALE THEFT.—It is currently reported and generally believed, of the whole sex, that they do not scruple to hook each other's frocks.

"You don't choke," as the toad said to the snake, when he was about to swallow him whole.

A HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.—It is said that some months before the eccentric and brutal Paul, Czar of Russia, was murdered by his subjects in his palace, he gave his oldest son, Alexander, leave to ask any favor he thought proper, promising to accord it to him. The young Archduke, begging that his father would not be offended, thus nobly expressed himself; "I request, sire, that any verbal order against any subject may not be put into execution until four and twenty hours shall have elapsed." This was a severe rebuke to the tyrant, whose caprice, ill-temper, and unjust acts are matters of history. Nevertheless, he granted the bold request of his son, and confirmed it by proclamation.

THE JUICE OF THE GRAPE A BLESSING.—An oriental traveller, writing for the New York Observer, furnishes a reason, which we have not before met with, why the juice of the grape was, and still is, thought such a blessing in Palestine. He says:—"It is one of the cheapest and best articles of food, being boiled down to the consistency of thick molasses. Wine is quite a minor object in the cultivation of the vine. Grapes, raisins, and the other articles just described, eaten with bread, form a large part of the diet of the peasants.—The name of the article in Arabic is *dibs*, which is the word used in Hebrew in the expression translated 'flowing with milk and honey.'" With this fact before us, we see the benevolence and kindness of the Deity, in his introducing his people into a land where the grape was exceedingly fruitful, far more than on the ordinary belief that it only furnished wine in abundance for undue and destructive exhilaration."—*Am. Temp. Union.*

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so—replied, that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

GOLD THE PRESERVER OF BEAUTY.—A very interesting experiment was mentioned by Baron Larrey, the favorite surgeon of Napoleon, in one of the late sittings of the French Academy of Sciences. During the campaign in Egypt, this celebrated surgeon had observed, that, when the inhabitants of the country, of the higher class, were laboring under confluent small-pox, which, there unmodified by vaccination, when it does not kill, leaves dreadful marks the bodies of the country applied gold leaf over the whole surface of the body where the pustules had appeared. M. Legrand, a French physician, on the suggestion of Baron Larry, employed this preservation in the case of a beautiful and young English lady of rank laboring under one of the worst forms of this scourge. A covering of gold leaf, in the state in which it is employed for gilding was applied to the face by the medium of a little gum to make it adhere. The young lady recovered from the disease without marks except on the extremities and the central portions of the body where the gold leaf had not been applied.

DR. MARRYAT was exceedingly eccentric. Of him we are told—

In his latter days, when he imagined his credit was bad, he applied to a Mr. A——, and abruptly said, "You don't know me; but will you trust me a bed to sleep upon?" The reply was in the affirmative: "Well, then," said he, "I shall pay so much a day."—Exactly at the appointed time, the doctor called, but not finding Mr. A at home, he wrote a note saying, "Why do you make me a liar? I called to pay you; send for your money this evening, or I will throw it into the street."

The delightful game of chess, before which all others hide their diminished heads, is the well-known legacy of Persian intellect, and retains in its nomenclature traces of its oriental origin. Thus check! the warning of attack on the hostile monarch, is simply *Shah-ki* or "King!" though French gallantry has converted the intimation, at the expense of the etymology, by saying also "*échec à la Reine!*" Again, the fatal announcement of *checkmate!* is but the Anglicised variety of *Schah mat!* "the king is dead!"

JUDICIAL JOKE.—It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners during the Assizes, there was present a certain Dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think, my Lord," said the very Rev. guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh, no, Sir!" by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it is the uncertain quantity that does all the mischief!"

A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A HAT.

The Baton Rouge Lover tells a capital story of a down East adventurer, who, having but an indifferent salary, [illegible] ... was to think that his hat was inside was not entirely furnished.

LATEST CASE OF FORGETFULNESS.

The greatest piece of forgetfulness we have ever heard of, recently occurred on one of the Western Canals. An enterprising Yankee, with his wife and child, and other "household plunder," was making his way "out west" on board a canal boat. On arriving at the end of the canal he carried his bed and bedding, chairs, tables and pans on board some other conveyance, leaving his wife and child behind. He looked over every thing to see that all was right—something was missing. He scratched his head and thought the matter over, but still could not make out what he had left. Back to the boat he went, and meeting the captain on the wharf he inquired rather anxiously,

"I say, cap'in, hain't I left somethin' aboard your boat?"

"Not that I know any thing of; have you missed any thing?"

"Yes, I do. I miss one of any thing, but I'm darned if I can make out what they are."

"Have you looked over every thing?"

"Every bag and bundle—overhauled all my duds twice—know there's somethin' a missin' jest as easy as nothin,' and here the other craft is about startin,' and I've got to off and leave it. It's so darned bad, I want it is."

"Well there's not a thing on board the boat to my knowledge except your wife and child—but we'll go and look."

"There's one—they are what I missed," said the Yankee, jumping for joy. "Now who'd a thought it? Here I was, goin' off and leavin' the old woman and little Sally Ann behind! I 'spect I should a missed 'em afore I got to my journey's end, but I'll be tarnation if I could make out what I left. 'Twould have been a good joke, would'nt it, if I'd gone clean out to the far west and forgot 'em entirely?"

So saying, the Yankee "packed off" with Sally Ann, rejoicing. There are a good many men who would not mind leaving such trifles as a wife and child behind, but this forgetful Yankee was too honest.—*N. O. Picayune.*

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

The following interesting facts are novel on the object of American Antiquities, and from the clearness and minuteness of the details, may lead to more correct conclusions upon the subject of the ancient race of this continent than any researches which have yet been brought to light respecting the object and purposes of those remarkable mounds found in the west.

Grave Creek Mound.—We recollect noticing some time ago that a large mound had been opened at a place on the Ohio river about twelve miles below Wheeling. Since then a full and scientific description of it has been prepared for a Cincinnati paper, from which we abridge a few of the facts. The mound, which is the largest in the United States, is composed of black mould and yellow clay, and appears to have been erected by carrying earth from the surrounding lain. According to a measurement lately made, its diameter at the base is two hundred and ninety-five feet, and at the top sixty feet, while it is about sixty-nine feet in perpendicular height. By means of excavations recently undertaken, the interior is found to be divided into two vaults.

In the bottom of the lower vault there were two human skeletons. They were found with their heads nearly together in the centre, and their feet near the outside in opposite directions, or nearly so, and in such an irregular position as to induce the gentlemen engaged in exploring it to suppose that they had been placed in a standing position, and at some subsequent period previous to the falling in of the vaults they had fallen down from their position at the sides toward the centre of the vault. The bones were much decayed and broken, so that all that remained of both skeletons would not weigh more than one perfect entire skeleton. None of the bones of the pelvis of either were sufficiently perfect to enable any person to form an accurate idea as to the sex. The inferior maxillary bone, or lower jaw was large and strong, and the teeth all perfect and sound, except one, which had a small caries on one side. With this skeleton were found some large and rude ivory beads, and one rude ornament of stone. As Indian females were not decorated with ornaments until long since the discovery of America by Columbus, and indeed very few even at this day, it has been conjectured that this skeleton was that of a male, while the other was that of a female, and probably the wife of the former. This, however, is mere conjecture, founded on the circumstances of the absence of all ornaments, and the much greater delicacy of the bones compared with the other; the inferior jaw being much smaller, and likewise the bulk much smaller, and more delicate. The teeth were all remaining and perfectly sound.

There was one peculiarity about the teeth of this last skeleton, which is believed to be very unusual; and that is, the fangs of the molar or double teeth, instead of separating and diverging from each other, like those of mankind in general, were all united to their points like those of the bicuspid teeth, which gives them quite a conical appearance. Both of these individuals had been like some we meet with in the present day, whose teeth, instead of having the front incisors of the upper jaw project before and overlap those in the lower jaw, met square upon each other, by which they were worn down until their crowns were almost worn away. I have seen no individual of the present generation whose teeth were so much worn at a less age than sixty years. Hence it may be inferred that these were both elderly persons. The bones of the head of the last skeleton remained attached by their sutures, except the temporal bone of one side, and were in a better state of preservation than any other part. And what is very remarkable, the turbinated or spongy bones of the nose are nearly perfect. It would seem that, notwithstanding the extreme thinness of these bones, in this instance, they have withstood the effects and operations of all the decomposing agents to which they have been exposed during many centuries.

In the upper vault was found one skeleton, but the bones were in such a state of decay that they could not be taken out without being broken into small pieces, so that not more than a hat-crown full of them were preserved. The teeth, a full set, (32) were all sound. But the cranium broke into small pieces, the largest not more than two inches square. With this skeleton were found a great number of ornaments.—There were seventeen hundred ivory beads, five hundred small sea-shells of genus voluta, which had been strung as beads, all in a tolerable state of preservation; and sixty-six pieces of mica, called by the people isinglass, mostly perforated with four holes in each piece, apparently for the purpose of being suspended with strings for ornamenting the person of him with whom they were buried. This individual had also five copper bracelets around his wrists—three around one wrist, and two around the other. These braclets were composed of rude large oval rings of copper. There were three nearly the thickness of a common writing quill around one wrist, and the two that were around the other wrist were much thicker. They have been of native copper, but I think it more than probable that they were made of copper wrought into round pieces, and bent round and sprung together, but not soldered. One had some large flaws at one end of it. These oval rings or bracelets were much oxidated or rusted, that is, there was considerable of what I would consider the green carbonate of copper enveloping them. Two which were nearest the hand at the time present a perfect impression, in the oxide now on them, of the lines in the scarfskin of the upper part of the palm of the hand next to the wrist. From which it appears that, before the decomposition of the individual, the oxide had formed and imbedded itself into the lines of the skin of the hand, and that afterward the hand and skin and all the soft parts had decayed away, and left the impression remaining.

This skeleton was found in a position which induced the gentlemen opening the vault to think it had been placed there in a standing position, and had fallen over at a subsequent period, and before the falling in of the earth to fill up the vault. It was found lying toward one side, partly east and west, with the head to the west.

NEW BRIGHTON.

Sitting at high noon, on our ever memorable "Independence Day," beneath a tree which crowns one of the upland summits, that swell so gently and gracefully around New Brighton and the Quarantine Ground, a torrid sun tempered meantime by passing summer clouds, we looked around upon this varied scene:—To the South, the Narrows, that gate which opens upon the old world, across the Atlantic, spread wide its guarded pass, to afford us a view of "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," partly relieved by the dimly blue Highlands of "Neversink," but beyond, swelling in the imagination from the vast almost to the infinite; while between you and its nearer border, villas gleam among the trees, from the crests of wooded hills, and collections of white dwellings brighten in the sun. Farther to the east follow the "ribbed sea-sand" of Coney-Island to the verdant shores of Long Island, where the yellow wheat-fields and green meadows are diversified with rich patches of forest, over which rise heavenward the spires of a peaceful island village. Passing Brooklyn, swelling proudly from its prominent heights, and our noble city, with its numerous steeples, domes, and turrets, "sitting like Tyre in the midst of the sea"—beautiful in beauty beneath the transparent veil of haze, which but adds enchantment to the view—the eye rests upon the glorious Hudson, stretching in majesty beyond the abrupt walls of the Palisades, and widening into the Tappan Sea. On the north and west, undulation after undulation, rise the blue hills, growing fainter and fainter, until terminated by the range that carries the Catskills onward to Pennsylvania, on a visit to their near relations, the Blue Ridge Family; while coasting toward the sea-board, the beautiful city of Newark "sparkles all revealed," in its green lap, and along the end of its picturesque bay. Westwardly,

[illegible] ... "The Kills," and rich woodlands, lovely landscapes, and pleasant villages, shaped ... Bring the eye, ... [illegible] ... Brighton, and ... should be sprinkled with country seats? It cannot be otherwise; and we close our hurried paragraph with the prediction, that before six years shall have elapsed, the whole high wooded shore of the island will be covered with villas; and we look to see them well studded by transplanted trees, of a large growth. These are the anticipations. Let them not be disappointed!—*Knickerbocker.*

THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

Farewell, beloved! the evening breeze is stealing
Softly around us, and the low sweet sigh
Of waters, murmuring by,
Falls on my soul, in gentle tones revealing
Visions of future hours, when I shall be
Thine but in memory!

Wilt thou not sometimes wander forth alone
Beside this tranquil lake, and fondly dwell
On all we've loved so well?
And, as the breeze bears forth each plaintive tone,
Will not my spirit seem to hover near,
Thy cherished voice to hear?

Yet must I leave thee, though thy saddened brow
Grows paler than its wont, and each fond smile
Fades from thy lip the while.
Still would I see thy soul less troubled now,
Lest mine be won from holier feelings back
Unto its earthward track.

Fain would I watch thy lonely couch beside,
When sickness hath o'erspread thy pallid cheek
With fever's fearful streak;
Oh have I prayed, let good or ill betide,
That I might live to catch each breath and tone
In joy or grief thine own.

Yet hast thou deemed my warmest love grew cold,
When all my soul's fond hopes to thee were given,
Too much estranged from heaven;
But there are thoughts and feeling still untold,
That flow like buried streams, for ever on,
Unchanging and unknown.

I had not said so much in by-gone hours,
But now my soul beats feebly, and each breath
Seems to me fraught with death;
And if to call thee mine, when sorrow lowers,
Can brighten once again thy sunken eye,
Then can I calmly die.

Calmly could leave this fair and glowing scene
Of eve's soft shadows and of morning's beams—
The bliss of early dreams—
If less of sorrow on thy brow were seen,
And hopes of future hours could chase the gloom
That shrouds the lonely tomb.

Methinks the night grows chilly, and the breeze
Seems not to pour its wonted fragrance round;
Still fainter grows the sound
Of night-birds warbling in the moon-lit trees,
While on my soul fond hopes and yearnings swell:
Mine own in death, farewell!

AMERICAN HISTORY.

The oration recently delivered by Mr. F. Butler, the late Attorney General, before the Dialetic Society at West Point, on the peculiar duties and obligations of the American soldier, will be issued from the press in N. Y. in the course of a few days. The peroration, which is subjoined, speaks well for it as a composition. It is an eloquent extract:

"Whilst all correct and well written history may be read with profit by military men, let me impress upon you, as a fit conclusion of this discourse, that the history of the American revolution—of the principles which led to it and of the sages and patriots who toiled for its accomplishment—should be thoroughly studied by the American soldier. Accustom your minds to the story of that mighty effort; let the self-denial, fortitude, and endurance, not less than the more active virtues by which it was distinguished, be familiar to your thoughts; in your heart of hearts, cherish the memory of the unequalled chief and his associates in arms; catch from the altars at which they worshipped some portion of their fire; maintain the principles for which they toiled and bled; uphold the goodly fabric of prosperity and freedom reared by their sacrifices, and of which you are to be appointed guardians; and should it ever become necessary, pour out like water, your blood in its defence.

"Appeals like these, whilst they come from the honored grave of the great and good men who have achieved our independence, to the hearts of all Americans, address themselves with peculiar emphasis to the inmates of this academy. You are surrounded with associations admirably adapted to awaken the generous enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge, the love of country and the practice of virtue. Science spreads before you her choicest stores. From every corner of your encampment—from the casement of your academic halls—you converse with nature in her sublimest mood. In your daily rambles, History greets you with some lesson of instruction—telling you now of the father of his country—that noblest model of heroic virtue—and now of Kosciusko—the champion of liberty and the friend of man—and urging you to copy their examples and aspire to their renown. And that nothing may be wanting to enforce her precepts, she warns you in the fate of Arnold, to shun the vices which fitted him for the act of shame and that career of guilt by which his name has been forever linked in the memory of Americans, with that of him who betrayed the Saviour of mankind.

"With all your studies and pursuits; from every rock and glen; from the majestic river which rolls beneath your feet, and from the mountain tops which point your thoughts to Heaven; from the paternal hearths around which your affections so love to linger, from your hoping, confiding country; and, above all, from Him who gave you a nature, capable of enjoying the exhibitions of his power, of tracing his wondrous ways, and of kindling with lofty and virtuous emotions, there comes a voice to instruct, to warn, to cheer you. To those of you who are about to exchange the exercises of pleasure of this seat of science for the responsibilities and trials of active life, its tones are fraught with solemnity and tenderness which you only can feel, and which should prompt you, with every reminiscence of a spot so hallowed, to heed and to obey the lesson it enjoins. 'Put on,'—such is the exhortation it addresses you all—'Put on the whole armor of right principles; march, with unfaltering step, in the path of duty, making diligence and integrity, truth and justice, the companions of your way; proclaim against all vicious inclinations and each low desire an exterminating war; contend for the mastery in the sternest of conflicts, strive for that brightest of victorious wreaths—the chaplet which adorns the brow of him who rules his spirit, who vanquishes his passions, who fights 'the good fight' of faith and virtue; so shall you be enabled to fill up the measure of action and of honor here; and when the Captain of our salvation shall summon you to his presence you shall come before him with songs of triumph, and receive from his lips the welcome plaudit—from his hand the amaranthine crown!'"

TRUTH BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.

The following passage, beautiful in its truth and in the expression of that truth, is from the editor of the Baltimore American. It will be felt and appreciated by every parent, and most heartily do we commend it to the attention of our children:

"If children could only be made aware of the heartfelt delight with which parents behold the development of talent and noble sentiments in their offspring, with what avidity would they seek the means of expanding the sphere of their intelligence, and cherishing the moral sentiments that impart dignity to the human character. From infancy to manhood, the welfare and happiness of the child is the sole object of the parent's solicitude. Under all circumstances, through good or evil fortune, the present and future condition of those whom they may have rocked in the cradle, or dandled on the knee, is the polar star to which their affections point with undeviating constancy.—Should their path through life be prosperous, the possession of wealth and distinction is only precious in their eyes, as affording the means of conferring on on those who are, in future years, to be their representatives, to honors that attend riches and exalted character: and should adversity be their lot, and difficulties beset them, they are forgotten in the hope that circumstances may ensure a better fate to their children. The child may be affectionate and tender, but the filial relation is not susceptible of the intensity of affection which belongs to the parental tie. It is this depth of love that enables the old to pass from the stage of life without regret. They feel that in their children they will continue to live, and that, however this world and its concerns may be lost to them, succeeding generations will recognise in their offspring portions of themselves. With what unspeakable delight does a father behold the first manifestations of exalted intelligence in a son, and how does he dwell upon actions that bespeak nobleness of purpose and soundness of integrity. If these feelings of gratification are inexpressibly delightful, so on the other hand the emotions with which he views indications of an opposite character, are unutterably painful. To see the object of her paternal solicitude, over whom she has watched day after day, and year after year, falling off from the path of virtue, and deaf, to the appeals of honorable motives, is to have a source of bitterness, of regret, to which no temporal blessing can furnish an antidote. Honors may await and the confidence and love of his fellow beings may, for a moment, cheer his path through life, but when he reflects that this honor and this love are to be changed

[illegible] into contempt and dislike in the person of his own child, he feels as if it were better to be deprived of all, than to witness so heart-rending a contrast. If there be reserved for human life a joy more exalted than all others, it is that of beholding its last moments cheered by the fondness and affection of a worthy and virtuous progeny, and if there be a pang more agonizing than any other, it is that a dying parent whose last thoughts rest upon the errors of a depraved but fondly loved child."

IMPERIAL WORTH.

In a chapter upon the reigning sovereigns of Europe, the New York Journal of Commerce says of the Emperor Nicholas and the Sultan Mahmoud:—

"These are two most remarkable men, each in his way. Whatever other may be wanting in, they are men of extraordinary shrewdness, wide and liberal views, and vast energy. This might be easily proved, but there is no need of it; nobody denies it, or can be blind to it." Nay, so far as the assertion is made of the Czar, we deny it, and confess that we are blind to it. And as his "[illegible] wide and liberal views and vast energy" ought to be "easily proved," we would oblige the Journal of Commerce to make the effort, if we did not perceive the necessity ... [illegible]

"The Emperor Nicholas enjoys the splendid privilege of making his people great and happy. It is in his power to found institutions for their political, social and moral elevation, and to form a system, which in the lapse of a generation, would convert a nation of serfs, and hordes into a free, and enlightened and educated people. Were the Emperor of Russia ... [illegible] ... he would see that the spirit of the age abhors despotism; that the love of equality and the determination to assert and acquire ... liberty, with all its ... and ... will ... [illegible] ... the good of his ... for his own true honor, and the best interests of his successors, were he indeed wise, he would be guided by this great and glorious spirit. Not so he 'liberal.' He takes and [illegible] ambition, and satisfied with the lion's share of wealth [illegible] Poland, the rape of which will remain an indelible blot upon the escutcheon of his royal race, still he thirsts for foreign conquests. A third of Europe and Asia have limits too narrow for his lust of empire. Never, in the annals of kings, has Providence afforded to a sovereign a wider and better field for exertion in behalf of his people than that which the Russian enjoys. He has lived to the verge of old age and has accomplished nothing for their permanent advantage. With unlimited power, he will leave them the prey of any tyrant who may inherit his throne. He will die unlamented, without honor or renown, though the choice is before him to win a nation's love and gratitude, and to leave a name in the hearts of posterity.

The Moralist.

From the Methodist Protestant Letter-Press.

CHRISTIANITY—ITS DESIGN ILLUSTRATED,

BY REV. T. H. STOCKTON.

Who can understand the design of Christianity, without the instant excitement of admiration and gratitude? It is the sun of the moral universe. It holds the same place in the week of redemption, regarded as seven days of a thousand years each, that the natural sun does in the week of creation, regarded as seven days of twenty-four hours each. As the natural sun was made on the fourth day of the week of creation; so the moral sun was made on the fourth day of the week of redemption. As natural light existed in pale diffusion before the natural sun appeared; so moral light existed before the moral sun appeared. As the natural sun is an intense concentration of all previous natural light; so the moral sun concentrates all previous moral light. As the natural sun began its bright career in the East; so the moral sun first revealed its disc in the same horizon. As the natural sun is essential to the life of the natural world; so is the moral sun to the life of the moral world. And as the natural sun hides all other lights in its brightness; so the moral sun renders invisible all lesser lustres, adorning the earth with fulness of beauty and crowning the sky with fulness of glory.

In respect of the points last enumerated, the parallel admits of a rich extension.

As the sun demands the *scope* of the world, so does Christianity. Other religions are like the artificial lights which are kindled on earth, in the absence of the sun: only intended to illume the chambers of a single home; or the streets of one city; or the entrance to one harbor. Christianity, like the sun, is the "true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." It has hues for every eye, and beat for every heart. It is intended to shine on every field and every hamlet, on every path and every watercourse; to beam alike on every cottage of poverty, and every mansion of wealth, and every hall of science, and every gallery of art, and every court of justice, and every temple of religion, and every palace of power. It looks at once upon the jungle of the barbarian and the metropolis of civilization. It turns within its range of vision the snow-hut of the Esquimaux, and the reed-cabin of the Malay; the wigwam of Oregon, and the marble portico of Italy; the pilgrim tents of the wilderness Orient, and the undulating fleets of the white rolling billows. It surveys the mountains, and rivers, and deserts, which divide the nations—the islands, and oceans, and continents which compose the globe—and claims the whole. Who can hinder its progress? None. It is a light in heaven: It cannot be cast down. It cannot be put out. It cannot be directed from its course. As the world revolves beneath, it looks with a royal eye, from its throne of glory, from clime to clime, and from pole to pole.

Again, as the sun demands the *time* of the world, so does Christianity. As long as the earth endures, the sun shall control it; and as long as society exists, Christianity shall be its sovereign power. When the reign of the sun shall be suspended, the earth will be resolved into its elements for reconstruction; and when the sceptre of Christianity shall be resigned, society will be individualized for reorganization. As the last glory of the earth will be the sunshine on the mountains; so the last adornments of society will be the graces of Christianity. Who can say it shall not be so? Who can command the radiant orb to be sooner exhausted? None. It is a light in heaven: Its serene flame cannot be made to tremble, even for a moment; nor can its brightness be shorn of a single beam. The earth may change—but not the sun. The seasons may vary—but not their sire. Spring may lose its freshness—but the sun, never; the golden gloom of summer may be embrowned—but the sun, never; the autumn may reveal all colors and rivals none—but the sun is clear and full as ever; and the winter may freeze the clouds into snow, and the rivers into ice—but the sun burns and blazes as ever. A thousand convulsions may occur below—but the sun shakes his locks in the sky, and smiles. At the impulse of the earthquake, the gay capitals and green woodlands may roll in the calm noon, like ships upon the after-swell of the storm;—at the call of the whirlwind, the sands of Sahara may rush into the firmament and rain their red ruin on the prostrate and panting caravans; at the signal of the hurricane, the midnight clouds may sweep like frightened condors through an atmosphere of lightning, and the ocean lie flat and foaming, with no strength to urge a wave, and the tired thunder growl in the wake of the fleet; or, at the order of the Genius of the Volcano, from some frosted pinnacle, to which the Shining Archer, standing on the upper surface of the far-down tempest, has never been able to make his arrows reach—fierce fires, and darker clouds, and a more awful thunder, may open in mid-heaven a more overwhelming destruction for the world below; but the chariot of the sun moves on, with noiseless and even wheels, with the manes of its steeds all smoothly drooping from their arched necks, the eyes of their lord reposing on the beauty of Herschel, and his ears regaled with the harmony of the moons of Jupiter and Saturn, singing to their happy planets the sweetest songs of peace. And so it is with Christianity. Society may pass through countless ordinary and extraordinary variations and revolutions; but Christianity, unimpaired, careers above them all. A thousand arts may be abandoned; and sciences, exploded; and philosophies, forgotten; and superstitions and idolatries, overthrown; war may continue to rage, and victories be vaunted, and defeats deplored; civilization may become barbarism, and barbarism civilization; all worldly elements may multiply new successions of temporal convulsions; but Christianity shall exult in its essential superiority to worldly influence, and hasten to the achievement of its destiny in the ultimate subjection of all things to its power. Even States which acknowledge its Divine authority, and are honored because of it, may yet be destroyed for not obeying it; but Christianity itself, in such an event, shall glide over their ruins in undiminished glory, as the sun daily glides over Carthage and Thebes, over Tyre and Sidon, over Nineveh and Babylon; as it moves, with many ancient memories, over the blighted Paradise of Asia; the sand-buried monuments of Africa; the moss-covered fragments of Europe; and the forest-grown mounds of America.

Having thus contemplated the correspondency of these two great lights, in respect of their range of space and time, it would seem appropriate to complete the comparison by an observation of their effects. But here the analogy is perplexed by a remarkable discrepancy. Without the sun, the natural world would perish. It is the object of the sun to preserve it. But nothing more. So, indeed, Christianity is intended to prevent the moral world from perishing. But not only this. It is infinitely superior to the mere office of perpetuating its present condition. Its object is to improve it—to renovate it, thoroughly and universally. We must imagine the illustration which this distinction demands. Suppose, then, that new influences were blended with the sunbeams, in virtue of which the obliquity of the ecliptic should be rectified, and the earth restored to its assumed original direct exposure to the radiance. Suppose that the light and heat, suitably modified by all other desirable energies, should be so distributed and so operative as to arrest and subdue all physical evil. Cliffs—plains—fields—coasts—with neither Earthquake nor Volcano: Simoom nor Maelstrom; Disease nor Death! The land without a desert—the sea without a wreck—the sky without a cloud! In Asia, the morning resurrection—in Europe and Africa, the noon-tide extension—and in America, the evening completion—of Eden! The Garden of the Lord! a Parad so as wide as the world! See! with what glowing ripeness its summer glory enriches the equator; and how beautifully its zones of blossoms and buds decline to the dewy meadows of the vernal poles! Yet such an achievement as this, though its charming results should be cherished by the quick spirit of immortality, would afford but a faint similitude of the object of Christianity. It sheds nobler influences, on a nobler sphere, for nobler purposes. Truth and love are its powers; society is its subject; and salvation is its aim. When Atheism and Deism, Heresy and Bigotry shall be destroyed; when Boodhism, and Brahminism, and Islamism shall be consigned to oblivion; when Judaism shall fall, in faith, at the foot of the cross; and Roman Apostacy shall be covered with sackcloth and ashes; and Greek superstition shall be exchanged for primitive simplicity; and Protestant inconsistencies shall be acknowledged and abandoned; and the fragments of all forms of Political Despotism, Corruption, and Oppression, shall be swept from the highway of the Saints, as too vile even to be trampled upon:—then Christianity will approach the attainment of its object. When, from Siberia to Malaya, from Kamtschatka to Arabia, all Asia shall rise;—and from Toole to the Cape of Good Hope, from Cape Verde to Cape Guardafuy, all Africa shall rise;—and from the Ural Moun-

tains to the Rock of Gibraltar, from Scotland to Turkey, all Europe shall rise;—and from Greenland to Patagonia, to Mexico and Patagonia, all America shall rise;—and from New Zealand to New Zembla, all islands shall rise; ... in a word, all mankind shall rise, from one degree of intellectual sublimity to another, and from one degree of moral dignity to another, until, according to the full meaning of the revelation, they shall know "the Only True God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent;" and be made like God in Christ, being "changed into the same image, from glory to glory;" and be perfectly conveyed and perfectly enraptured with the assurance, that in Him and with Him they have received the gift of "Eternal Life;" occupying the earth as heirs of Heaven; making it, spiritually and practically, the counterpart of Heaven; and combining all its offices with "the wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy;"—then will the object of our Holy Religion be developed in the majesty of its original intention, in respect of this world; and with such indications of its magnificent expansion, in the world to come, as shall demonstrate its incomparable superiority to all physical changes, however enchanting; causing the utmost splendor of the natural sun to vanish in the fading of the moral effulgence, as a pale star of the night is lost in the golden greetings of the morning.

LAUGHABLE STORY.

The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes which befel an English gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris to whom he bore letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and annoying mistakes upon his entrance in the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds:—

"The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each moment at our elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wines under a range of names which I no more understood than I understood their composition, or they did my gaucheries. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I set in the most determined manner saying 'oui' to every thing that was offered me, and bowing with the most decided submission, till my fair neighbour, tired with my monotony, and taking an interest in my silence, began conversation by enquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potato to my mouth and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily threw it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! it was hot as burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in a flame. I rolled the burning mass hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes which I had involuntarily fixed on her were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"'Monsieur is ill?' at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired: I could bear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain, so quietly abandoning the point, opened it to the utmost and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady. She soothingly consoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, still exerting the energies of that influence which true politeness always exercises, I began to forget my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the same fate of the action I attempted. I even ventured to hope, nay, congratulate myself that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"'Let no man call himself happy before death,' said Solon, and he said wisely. The Ides of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of Chorfleur, I verily took it to be French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the chorfleur had vanished with it. But that remained boldly, and as I gazed despondingly on the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake, though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled carefully on against the mountainous heap at its base—and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to admit as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligibly to intimate a stranger beneath its roof, if not ... [illegible] which had already gained an unwelcome admission.

"The seriousness of the task I had undertaken and the resolutions necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness of rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass on to my lap. My handkerchief unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in turn, and a great portion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself, as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye round the table, that no one had noticed my disaster. I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

"The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room where coffee and liquors were served round. Meantime I had sought out what I thought a safe hiding place for my hat beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance in seeking for his own hat to look into mine.

"On my return to the drawing room I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"'Take it off—take it off,' she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

"I was always afraid of spiders; to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower which was now plastered over her face like a emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider and blinding an eye of the lady—while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her cheek and bosom.

"'Mon dieu! Mon dieu!' exclaimed the astonished fair.

"'Mon dieu!' was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"'Have you cut your hand?' inquired one.

"'No! no!—the spider—Monsieur is killing the spider.'

"'What a quantity of entrails!' ejaculated the astonished Frenchman, unconsciously, to himself.

"Well might he be astonished; the spray of the execrable vegetable had scattered their dresses from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket but its contents remained.

"'What a monster it must have been,' observed a young lady as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, 'I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower.'

"At that moment I felt some one touch me; and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"'Look at your pantaloons,' he whispered.

"Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and I saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fated pocket and had crushed out the liquid butter and the soft paste like vegetable, which had bedaubed and dripped down them till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

"Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"'Sair! bete! sac no!' the ring in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that as an angry Frenchman never spares, was rising like a fierce tempest without the doors. Suddenly there was a pause; a gurgling sound as one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus and stooping gently forward his eyes forcibly closed, his arms dropping out from his body and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

"I said no longer, but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a 'fiacre,' and arrived safely home heartily resolving that to my latest hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction."

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

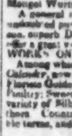
Ryman's Celebrated Rheumatic Repentho.

THIS medicine the few years it has been before the public has gained a celebrity seldom, if ever equalled For the cure of Rheumatism, Sweeny or Paralysis, Sprains, Bruises, Pains of the back and limbs Quinsey Sore Throat, Mumps, Hoarseness, Croup, Frost ... [illegible] ... and in fact for every purpose a Liniment may be required for—And to Farriers it is of vast importance, for Sweeny, Sprains, Swellings and Flesh Wounds ... [illegible] ... We are gratified to be able to state to the public that an agency has just been established with *Charles B. Lins* Henry ... & Co's Drug store, No. 224 Market street, Philadelphia, for the wholesale and retail of the above valuable medicine. We recommend the afflicted to call and give it a trial.

It is prepared and sold wholesale and retail by C. G. B. ... the sole proprietor at his drug store, MILESBURY, Centre county, Pa. and may be had in almost every village in the country. aug 17—6m

RUSSIA BRISTLES.

40 Casks of Russia Bristles, of superior quality, for sale by [illegible]
No. 20 North Third Street.
September 5th, 1839. sep 7—3t*



TURNIP SEEDS.

THE subscribers offer for sale at their Seed Store, No. 97 Chesnut street, above Third, Ruta Baga and other Turnip Seeds of first quality; of the utility of Ruta Baga there is no doubt as a cattle food, producing crops only surpassed by the French Sugar beet, and Mangel Wurtzel, of which, of extra quality, also for sale.

A general assortment of warranted Garden Seeds, of undoubted purity and freshness. Bulbous Roots in season, superb Double Dahlias, &c. The subscribers also offer a great variety of

WORKS ON AGRICULTURE, GARDENING, &c.

Among which are *McMahon's American Gardening Calendar*, new edition; Bridgman's Gardener's Assistant, Florists Guide, Flower Garden Companion; Mowbray on Poultry; Sweet's Botanical Cultivation &c &c. with a variety of Silk ... publications, by the most approved authors. Country Merchants supplied on the most reasonable terms, and with the utmost expedition.

HIRST & DREER,
Seedsmen and Florists.
jn 15—tf

REPEATING FIRE ARMS
155 BROADWAY NEWYORK
COLT'S PATENT.

THE PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

THE sole Manufacturers of COLT'S Patent Repeating Rifles, Pistols and other Fire Arms have reduced the Prices of Arms about thirty per cent. They have been induced to make this change in consequence of the repeated attempts to interfere with their patent, by the manufactory of Repeating Arms of inferior description, which are sold as if made upon the model of Arms manufactured by this company. The Company are determined to prosecute any infringements, so as to prevent all deception and all interference with their Patent.

As to the excellence of these Arms, they have certificates and testimonials from every quarter of the country, from Boards of Officers of the Army, Examining Committees appointed by Scientific Institutions, from practical Gunsmiths, and from Gentlemen Travellers, Sportsmen, and others, and they aver with confidence, that they are superior to all other arms for Sporting, Attack and Defence. The rapidity of fire, and the accuracy and safety with which they perform, exceed the belief of those who have not actually used them. [illegible] ...

The perfection to which the company have brought their works enables them to manufacture the most beautiful, and highly finished arms ever got up in the United States, and ... [illegible] ... for all the ...

The Company will keep on hand Cap Primers, Bullet Moulds, Ammunition, Flasks and all other equipments required by Sportsmen, Travellers and others using their arms. Their Patent Cap Primer should be owned by every one who uses a gun, rifle, or pistol.

They have now on hand a repeating fire arm, so superior, for which orders will be received, to be delivered as soon as manufactured.

They would call the attention of the Agents of foreign Governments to their Arms, they have already been tested in actual service, and soldiers very readily acquire their expert use. A detachment of cavalry armed in all equipments to eight hundred with the ordinary rifle or musket. The rifle and large pistols are especially desirable in arming the Revenue Guards, or Watch of cities and fortifications, and on ship board and plantations.

Orders for large quantities can be executed within sixty days from the time they are given.

The company are always ready to supply any test which may be required to ascertain the celerity, safety, accuracy, and distance of effective fire of their arms.

N. B.—All articles manufactured by this Company are stamped "Patent Arms Manufacturing Company, Paterson, N. J. Colt's Patent," with other appropriate devices.

Orders will meet with immediate attention, if directed to PATENT ARMS MANUFAC. CO
nov 17—tf 155 Broadway, N. Y.

CHOLERA, CHOLERA, SUMMER COMPLAINT

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all other derangements of the STOMACH AND BOWELS, cured by Dr. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.

New York, 6th month, 1st, 1839.

Friend Dr. Jayne—It gives me much pleasure to inform thee of the result of a case in which I administered thy Carminative Balsam, and I consider it to be a matter of duty to thee and the public, to give the following statement:—Having called to visit a patient a few days since, I found he was vomiting and purging most violently, with severe Torsion and Cramps in the upper and lower extremities, and also in the abdominal parietes. The Cramps were so violent that it took four men to rub him incessantly, to keep down the spasms, and to use his own words, he said it seemed to him as if his bones would snap in two. There were also violent cholic pains around the umbilical region, attended with very distressing nausea. In short, I considered it to be a case of genuine CHOLERA. I found on inquiry, the patient had been unwell the day previous, with a looseness of the bowels. That an hour before I saw him, he was seized with the complaint, and had gradually got worse. The extremities were cold, and he was nearly pulseless. I immediately gave him a spoonful of thy Balsam, which in a few minutes was repeated; and the stomach, bowels, giving it a fair trial. The spasms became quieted, and he expressed himself much relieved. I then gave him a calomel and opium powder. In two hours from the time I saw him he felt quite easy and fell asleep, and slept well for five hours; but on awaking the symptoms again returned. I directed more of the Balsam to be given to him when the disease subsided, and the patient was convalescent. It took only one bottle to effect a cure. I have also been eye witness of the beneficial effects of the Carminative Balsam in *Summer Complaint and Diarrhœa*, that I would not be without it for its weight in silver.

I remain thy friend,
THOMAS MOTT, M. D.
43 Broadway, New York.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia, and sold also by A. B. & D. Sands, No. 94 and 100 Fulton street, New York; John W. Sharp, Manchester; Cincinnati; and in most of the cities and villages in the United States. Price 50 cents.

CAUTION.—None is genuine without the WRITTEN signature of Dr. Jayne on the outside of the label. js 22—tf

THE INDIAN'S PANACEA.

FOR the cure of *rheumatism, scrofula or king's evil, gout, sciatica or hip gout, incipient cancer, salt rheum, syphilitic and mercurial diseases*, particularly ulcers and painful affections of the bones, ulcerated throat and nostrils, ulcers of every description, fever sores and internal abscesses, fistulas, piles, scald head, scurvy, biles, chronic sore eyes, erysipelas, blotches, and every variety of cutaneous affection, chronic Catarrh, head ache proceeding from any acrid humor, pain in the stomach and dyspepsia, proceeding from vitiation, affections of the liver, chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and general debility caused by a torpid action of the vessels of the skin. It is singularly efficacious in renovating those constitutions which have been broken down by injudicious treatment, juvenile irregularities. In general terms, it is recommended in all those diseases which arise from impurities of the blood, or vitiation of the humors, of whatever name or kind.

The value of the Panacea is most conspicuous in those long standing and syphilitic and scrofulous affections which have defied all other remedies, and particularly in those cases where mercury has been so lavishly exhibited, the most distressing pains in the bones, nodes, ulcers, ulcers, derangement of the digestive organs, &c.—These it completely removes, and in all cases it entirely eradicates the diseases and effects of mercury, renovates the constitution, and leaves the patient sound and well. In rheumatism and in ulcerated sore throat, its happy effects are not less apparent, giving almost immediate relief.

Taken in proper doses, the Indian's Panacea operates as an alterative and detergent, a diaphoretic, diuretic, and laxative, an anti-spasmodic and anodyne, and in proper cases, an astringent and corroborant. Generally expressed, it increases all the secretions and excretions, gives tone to the stomach, and excites action in the glands in a particular manner. From these principles its operations may be understood.

This medicine has been found highly useful in many ambiguous diseases not here specified, and it has been used with wonderful success as a Spring and a Fall Purifier, by those who are subject to complaints of the chest, and whose constitutions require new vigor. Such persons will do well to use two or three bottles in small doses. Whenever a diet drink is considered necessary, this Panacea, taken in a small dose will answer all its purposes, in much less time, at less expense, and in a far more agreeable manner than the common diet drink.

The following certificates, out of hundreds similar, which might be procured, are given to show the effect of the Indian's Panacea, in the various complaints therein mentioned, and also to exhibit in the most satisfactory manner its superiority over the syrups in common use.

CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

Charleston, Nov. 12, 1832.

During the last winter and spring, I was afflicted with a very severe and distressing rheumatism occasioned by exposure in bad weather. I now take great pleasure in stating, that six bottles of the Indian's Panacea, restored me to perfect health, and I confidently recommend it to all similarly afflicted.

JOHN FERGUSON, King street.
Charleston, March 27, 1833.

I was seized about three years since, with a distressing rheumatism, caused by taking a severe cold, while under the influence of mercury, and which has disabled me from business nearly ever since. During this period I have been a patient in the Marine Hospital, in this city upward of four months, and nearly the same length of time in the Baltimore Hospital, and tried almost every remedy, with little benefit. On the 10th of February last, at that time scarcely able to move about upon crutches, I commenced the use of Indian's Panacea.—In one month I found myself entirely freed from pain, and am now happy to state that I consider myself perfectly well.

WM. TUCKER, 13 Market street.

CASES OF SCROFULOUS ULCERS.

New York, Sept. 16, 1830.

This may certify that in the fall of 1825, I was seized with a swelling in my neck and face, which afterward ulcerated and became large ghastly ulcers in my neck. After trying several physicians to no advantage, I went to Philadelphia and placed myself under the care of Drs. Physic and Beach, when, after repeated salivation to no effect, I was pronounced utterly incurable. Afterward I used twenty bottles of Swaim's Panacea and eight bottles of Potter's Catholicon, with no material benefit. Despairing of life, which had now become a burthen to me, I returned to my parents in New York in 1828 and gave myself up to a lingering death. Hearing of the great success of The Indian's Panacea however, in cases similar to my own, I was persuaded to try it as a last resort. To my great surprise, as well as satisfaction I soon found myself rapidly recovering, and upon taking seven bottles, the ulcers healed, and I became perfectly well in the course of two months, and have remained so ever since. I make this statement and wish it published for the benefit of those who are suffering under similar scrofulous or syphilitic affections, that they may know what has cured one who has suffered every thing but death, and who considers his life saved by the above syrup.

WM. HINMAN.
Charleston, July 19, 1831.

I was afflicted, four years with an ulcer in the leg, occasionally accompanied with erysipelatous inflammation and excessive pain in the leg and ancle joint. Several eminent physicians exerted their skill upon it, without permanent benefit. In this case five bottles of the Indian's Panacea made a perfect cure.

MARGARET A. WEST,
181 Market street.

Sold wholesale and retail in New York, by A. B. & D. Sands, 79 Fulton street; in Philadelphia by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South Third street, and F. Klett corner of Callowhill and Second street, by J. Thompson, Market street; in Baltimore, by Moore & Stabler; in Washington city, by S. J. Todd; in Alexandria, by Wm. Stabler; in Charleston S. C. by Haviland, Harral & Allen, 304 King street; in Augusta, by Haviland, Risley & Co.; in New Orleans, by Sickles & Co. 40 Canal street, and by Druggists generally in almost all of the principal cities in the United States. Price $1 00. ja 22—2m

DOMESTIC SILK AGENCY,

No. 2 north Fifth street next door to Hession, Heiskel & Hoskin's Counting House.

The subscriber has this day opened, at No. 2 north Fifth street, a Commission Agency for the purchase and sale of mulberry Trees; also, Cocoons, Raw Silk, Silk worm's Eggs, Reels, and other apparatus for the production, reeling and manufacture of silk.

He pledges his utmost efforts to deserve the favors of his friends, and to give satisfaction. His references will be ample.

He has now on hand Silk worm's Eggs—white mammoth, yellow mammoth, sulphur, &c., of the last and present year's crop, in lots to suit purchasers.

Also, several lots of Morus Multicaulis Trees, viz 30,-000, 30,000 &c, 5000 10,000, 25,000 30, 7, 15,000, &c.—The above lots of Trees will be offered on various terms; some for cash, others on a long credit, and some for part cash and part on time.

Also, Clarke on the Mulberry Tree and Silkworm.
aug 17—tf JOHN CLARKE.

DOCTOR JOHN J. MAYWEG'S
ANTI EPILEPTIC & NERVOUS BALSAM, &c.

A CERTAIN relief and efficient cure for Epilepsy or Fits, and other Nervous affections of the system to prove of lasting standing.

Doctor John J. Mayweg, Practitioner of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Philadelphia, and its vicinity, and respectfully begs leave to inform them that he may be consulted at his present place of residence, No. 98 Coates street, between 4th and 5th streets, south side, in the district of Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Doctor Mayweg trusts that the public will not consider it presumptuous to state that he has been regularly bred to the Medical profession, and so he has since that time practised Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery between twenty-five and thirty years with great success and satisfaction to his patients; he therefore hopes and trusts that he will be able to give general satisfaction to all those that will favor him with their respective calls.

Doctor Mayweg informs for the convenience of his patients, to supply them with all the necessary articles of Medicine, &c. at a reasonable or moderate charge, and which will be prepared, compounded, carefully put up and properly directed by himself, or under his immediate direction.

Doctor Mayweg also begs leave to inform the public generally, that during or after many years extensive and successful practice in diseases, he has discovered a ... [illegible] ... and ... in ... [illegible] for the relief and effectual cure of ... and of the most obstinate diseases. The first of which, in ... for ... [illegible].

Induced by repeated solicitations of many of those who have been relieved and cured, and from motives of humanity, Doctor Mayweg thinks proper to adopt this mode of circulation, in order to give them a greater degree of publicity, and to render them more extensively useful than they could possibly be, were they ... [illegible] ... THE ANTI-EPILEPTIC AND NERVOUS BALSAM, &c.

This medicine is a safe, mild and effectual remedy to all affections of the Nervous System, particularly to Epilepsy or Fits, Hysterics, St. Vitus's Dance, Cramps, Tetanus (or Locked Jaw) Convulsions, &c. &c. The experience which I have had of the efficacy of this medicine for upwards of twenty years in my own private practice has induced me to recommend it with confidence to the public; it ... [illegible] ...

[illegible] ...

As it is customary to give proof of a medicine when offered to the public, to show its superior remedial powers, I have thought proper to add one of the numerous certificates, &c.

Philadelphia, November 27th, 1838.

Doctor John J. Mayweg—Dear Sir—In January, 1836, my daughter was attacked with Epilepsy (or Fits) I happened to be from home at the time; the nearest Physician was called on, who attended the child for some time and finally gave it as his opinion that the child was out of all danger from another attack, as it was his opinion that the convulsions had originated from teething and as the child now had all its teeth, consequently the child would be perfectly cured of the disease.

But on the following new moon, the child had another attack, more violent than the former, this satisfied me that the disease made its appearance periodically; and as I had known of several remarkable cures performed by your *Anti-Epileptic and Nervous Balsam*, I concluded to try it in this case, and I feel happy in being able to state that from the time the child commenced using your Medicine the fits never broke out again; notwithstanding that at almost every change of the moon symptoms of the disease would make their appearance for nearly upward of a year, but by adhering strictly to your directions, and keeping constantly a supply of the Medicine to give the child whenever occasion required it, it finally prevented the sickness from breaking out, and disappeared entirely.

For the last six years and upward, the child has not had the least symptom of this dreadful malady, and now enjoys perfect health, and as it is erroneously considered an incurable disease, I take pleasure in giving you this testimonial of the superior virtues of your Balsam so that others similarly afflicted may know where to find relief.

PETER ALBRIGHT,
South street, near the N. E. corner of 10th, Philada.
John J. Mayweg, M. D.

☞ There are bills of printed directions accompanying the above medicine, pointing out in a conspicuous manner all the symptoms and different stages of those distressing disorders, also particular directions respecting diet and regimen, and how patients are to conduct themselves and health is restored again.

☞ All communications and letters, post paid, will meet with prompt attention.

JOHN J. MAYWEG M. D.
je 29—

WARD'S PROTRACTOR SYSTEM.

AN account of the origin and of the definition of the phrases "Protractor System and Literary Tailoring," may not be uninteresting to some of our readers, therefore by way of illustration, we give the following certificate, signed by some of the most distinguished Mathematicians, whose competency to decide on systems of a mathematical nature will never be called in question. The certificate below was given in the year 1832, after a strict examination of the System referred to, and reads as follows:

We, the undersigned being acquainted with the principles of the Mathematics, and having examined a system of Cutting by the application of rules to the various proportions of the human frame, on mathematical principles, called the PROTRACTOR SYSTEM, by Allen Ward, Inventor of the same, we do not hesitate to pronounce it a correct system, and applicable to every size, form and fashion and as such we recommend it to all Master Tailors as an improvement highly worthy of their attention.

SPENCER CLACK, A. B. Teacher of Languages and Mathematics.

P. S. FALE,	do.	do.
DANIEL C. BANKS,	do.	do.
E. HILDRETH,	do.	do.

THOMAS ELLISON, Architect.
THOMAS STEWART, Sen. Architect.
WILLIAM EVANS, Surveyor.
JOHN F. TROUX, Principal, Wheeling Academy.
C. EVANS, Surveyor.
JOHN TAYLOR, Mathematician.
WALTER S. OTT, do.
ROBERT BRUCE, Principal to F. P.

From the above authority, and from his letters patent, he is in beyond a doubt that Allen Ward is the true and original author and inventor of the name and of the system, called the "Protractor System." We will now give some account of the origin of the phrase, "Literary Tailoring," the definition of which has so much puzzled the reading community of late. In the year 1826 the author of the Protractor System not having at that time completed his system, nevertheless, commenced a series of tuition in the art of cutting out garments by written treatises on the subject, and in process of time matured his system, and entered copy right from time to time, to secure his books, charts, prints and engravings, which had become much sought after, and adopted by many of the best cutters; hence one complimentary letters were addressed to him by strangers and others, in whose hands his works had fallen. The following is an extract of one from a stranger, and similar to it he has received some hundreds. By a perusal of which, and the author's works, we get the clue to the definition of the phrase "Literary Tailoring," Ward's Protractor System." &c.

EXTRACT.

"Having leisurely and critically examined a system of cutting, invented by ALLEN WARD, of Philadelphia, denominated *Protractor System*, and being thoroughly acquainted with its mathematical principles, do not hesitate to pronounce it superior to any and every thing that has been invented for the purpose, either in Europe or this country, and it is in a peculiar sense truly a work of merit. It is a system that embraces all cases, and applies with the same mathematical certainty to the disproportions as to the proportionate sizes, which no other rule does.—It is got up on the only correct principles of fitting all, viz: by uniting length with breadth—and in truth needs only to be understood to convince the most sceptical of its unbounded utility. On the score of economy, it is the cheapest a man can subscribe to, for it is adapted with the same facility to all fashions.

Being unacquainted with A. W. I make this acknowledgment in favor of his system, hoping he may be amply remunerated for the great expense, but much greater labor, in bringing his system to its present perfection.

J. F. COON,
No. 176 Chatham Street, N. Y.
Now of 273 Pearl Street, N. Y.

We have many of the same import of recent date, which may be seen.

The above certificates were given previous to the time when Francis Mahan had become interested in the system, as will appear by the date of his commencement, which was entered at the time by my clerk, and by his own signature, given at the time of his application to me for the system, with which, and the Diagrams, Scales, Protractor and printed explanations thereunto belonging I furnished him four times per annum, on the same terms as my other subscribers were furnished. The time of his continuance as a subscriber, was from the 27th of April, 1827, to the 16th of June, 1835, a term of more than seven years; during which time he always spoke of Ward's Protractor System in the highest terms, as many witnesses can testify; and in the year 1834, Francis Mahan was chosen, in favor of a better, to act as a judge of Tyerometrical Tailoring, and he then subscribed his name to the following certificate as one of the committee of judges on that occasion. The original of which certificate I now hold, see how it contrasts with his present assertions.

DECISION OF THE COMMITTEE.

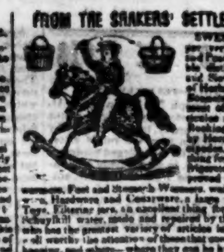
The Committee of Master Tailors of the city of Philadelphia, appointed to investigate and report the best principles of Drafting, Cutting, Explaining, and Publishing the various fashions and forms of clothing, respectfully report that they have attended to that duty by request of the parties concerned, and find that the system denominated Ward's Patent Protractor System, is, in our opinion the most scientific, and best calculated for the use of the public. ... [illegible]

Signed,
JOHN F. BOWNING,
Of the firm of Browning & Emmett. } Committee.
FRANCIS MAHAN,

But he has now set up for himself as a competitor, and reader, would you believe it that this same Francis Mahan, in the face of truth after being my pupil, two my agent for the system, and after being stationed for his delinquency, have the effrontery to claim copy-rights of my Protractor System and Patent Contriver, as his inventions; and now strives to change the name and title of my inventions, substituting that of Mahan as author and proprietor, in lieu of Ward, who was the true and original inventor? It is even so as every person with astonishment may perceive who is at all conversant with the matter; and strange as it may appear to the better informed, yet there are others who have proved themselves capable of being duped by this cunning pretender, they are, however, more to be pitied than blamed or envied. Their capacities of discernment must be very feeble or strangely biased, else they could perceive that the object which Mahan has in view is to swerve the simple, reap the profits, and to enjoy the credits of Ward's inventions; and thus surreptitiously to place on his own brow the laurels which in justice do not belong to him. A suit is now pending for his infringement of my copy right, which we trust will decide who is the knave, and who the clever fellow. I should love to know the meaning of Mahan's boasting about having thirty-five ... [illegible] ... Surely there cannot be one of one ... [illegible] ... who have always ... obtained judgments against him in every instance of decision, except in cases where he could take the advantage of his own oath. I appeal to the records for the truth of my assertions, and I deny, with confidence, to all who are acquainted with me, his insinuations of my propensity to falsity. I challenge him or any other person to prove, by respectable testimony, one single instance of falsehood, or prevarication on my part during the last twenty years which I think is more than any accuser can, with any kind of plausibility, boast of. As apology to the public for these notices now so fallen, is on the ground of self-defence and in answer of the mis-representations which call for a reply. To those acquainted with me, I am aware that the reply was unnecessary, as I have always, from infancy, enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the good and the great, so far at least, as my acquaintance extended.

September 7th, 1839. ALLEN WARD. sep 7—3t

FROM THE SHAKERS' SETTLEMENT.



SWEETCorn, Pearl, very fine, Rice and Pearl Barley, Best Kiln dried Corn, Brooms and Sieves, all kinds of Horse, Chinese and Blacking and Brushes, Ice Buckets and Baskets, Rocking Chairs, Baby Horses and Vehicles, ... for children; the ... wagon on an improved plan, Flour, ... Foot and Stomach Warmers, ... Hardware and Crockeryware, a large assortment of Toys, Filtering jars, an excellent thing for ... Schuylkill water, made and repaired by the subscriber who has the greatest variety of articles in this country, all worthy the attention of those that are keeping house, and others,—where they can be had on reasonable terms, at the Wooden Ware and Variety store of

GIDEON COX,
No. 325 and 327 Market street.

Ironing Tables and Broad Casters, on an improved plan. oct 30—tf

SLEEPER & BROTHERS,

[Sleeper & Brother have associated with them their brothers, ISRAEL SLEEPER & EDWIN SLEEPER.]

No. 116 Market Street, Philadelphia.

EXTENSIVE
MANUFACTURERS
OF SILK, GINGHAM AND COTTON
UMBRELLAS,
PLAIN AND FANCY PARASOLS.

Comprising every variety of style and embellishment, which they continue to manufacture as well and as low as any house in the market not excepting the self-styled "CHEAPEST," or any other.

Patent Folding Umbrellas, especially for travelling. [illegible]

LEATHER STORE.

THE subscriber having this day taken his nephew, Wm. W. Hendry, into partnership, the business will be conducted hereafter under the firm of Chambers & Hendry, at the old stand, 12 Chesnut street, where will be kept constantly on hand, a general assortment of Finished Leather, consisting of Calf, Morocco, Lining, Binding, Sheep, Hog and Buck skins, Bag, Band, Japan and Chaise Hides, Harness, Bridle, Skirting, Band, Upper, Book-binders and Saddle Leather.

ANDREW R. CHAMBERS.

Philadelphia, January 1st, 1839. jan 5 '39—1y

E. S. Gilbert—Engraver on Wood—

No. 52 North street, below Sixth,
Between Market and Arch, and Fifth and Sixth streets.
feb 9'34—tf

WILLIAM LANCASTER'S

FANCY Wire Fender, Grate Stove, and Curtain Pole Manufactory, No. 219 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. '39 4—6m*

BOWEL COMPLAINTS CURED.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM is a certain, safe, and effectual remedy for dysentery, diarrhœa, or looseness, cholera morbus, summer complaint, cholic, griping pains, sour stomach, flatulency, &c. &c. and all spasmodic and nervous diseases, as sick and nervous head ache, hysterics, cramp, &c. &c.

From Dr. M. L. Knapp, late Physician to the Baltimore Dispensary, and agent for the Maryland Vaccine Institution.

Baltimore, March 27, 1838.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir—You ask me what proofs I meet with of the efficacy of your medicine. I can safely say that I never prescribed a medicine for Bowel Complaints that has given me so much satisfaction, and my patients so speedy and perfect relief as this. Whenever introduced into a family it becomes a standing remedy for those ailments and is called for again and again, which I think a pretty good proof of its efficacy and usefulness. In the Summer Complaint of children it has frequently appeared to snatch the little victims, as it were, from the grave. "It saved the life of my child, and of such and such a child," I have repeatedly heard it said. In dysenteric affections of adults, I have time and again seen it act like a charm and give permanent relief in a few hours, I may say in a few minutes. In fine, it is a valuable medicine, and no family should be without it.

Respectfully,
M. L. KNAPP, M. D.

From Dr. Wm. Sterling, Physician to the Continental ... Association.

This may certify that I have used Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam very extensively in Bowel Complaints, and have not the least hesitation in declaring it superior to any preparation that I have met with for the relief of those diseases.

WM. STERLING, M. D.
Brooklyn, July 19, 1838.

From Jonathan Going, D. D. (late of New York) President of Granville College, Ohio.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—Having made use of your Carminative Balsam in my family and finding it to be admirably adapted to the complaints for which it is intended, I take pleasure in recommending it to the use of my friends and the public generally, believing those who are affected with any of those complaints will find relief in the use of this valuable medicine.

New York, May 26, 1837. JONATHAN GOING.

From the Rev. H. K. Green, Professor in the Germantown Collegiate Institute.

Germantown, April 20, 1838.

Dr. Jayne—My Dear Sir—It gives me pleasure to communicate, in this manner, my favorable opinion of your Carminative Balsam. For two years it has been in almost constant use in my family. It was thus introduced: A child five years old, had been sick some five or six days with the dysentery. Calomel and other medicines had been in duly administered, but without the least apparent benefit. The profuse discharges from the bowels were enfeebling, and both character and frequency, the strength of the little patient could not hold out much longer. At this juncture I was reminded, by a friend, of your Balsam. After a portion of castor oil it was administered several times through the night. In the morning the physician found the discharges entirely changed; the disease was checked, and, removal of other medicines were discontinued, and the child was soon restored to usual health. We have ever since kept this invaluable medicine at hand, and for both adults and children have found it uniformly efficacious. We readily pronounce it the best adapted to family use of all the preparations with which we are acquainted. Hoping that the public will soon become universally acquainted with this medicine, I remain, yours, &c.

H. K. GREEN.

☞ It may be had wholesale and retail of Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia; A. B. & D. Sands, No. 100 Fulton street, New York; John W. Sharp and Cincinnati Ohio. General Druggists and in most of the towns and cities of the United States.

☞ CAUTION.—Dr. Jayne's genuine preparations are ... [illegible] ... look for the written signature of D. Jayne. ... [illegible]

David Evans's Patent Improved
WATER AND PROVISION COOLERS,

SOUTH WEST CORNER of ST. AND CARTER'S ALLEY, N. B.—These coolers are allowed by all to be the best article for the purpose now in use. The public are cautioned against making or using the same without a license from the Patentee. [illegible]

RAND'S WRITING ACADEMY,

No. 106 South Ninth Street.

THE classes are arranged at various hours, from 8 in the morning till 9 in the evening.

For sale, as above, wholesale and retail—
The American Penman,
Rand's Introduction, in eight parts.
Do. System, with instructions.
Do. do. abridged.
Do. Piece Book.
Do. Alphabetical Copies.
Do. Ornamental do.

Orders from any part of the United States will receive prompt attention. nov 16—?

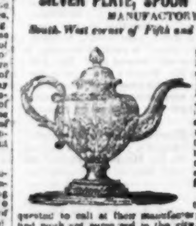
CLEVELAND'S
Patent Syphon or Self Supplying Pen.

THIS very desirable article so long needed is now offered for sale to the writing public, who is invited to call and examine for themselves. It is so constructed as to contain ink sufficient to write eight or ten pages without replenishing and can be made of capacity sufficient to contain double the quantity. It is portable and will write the travel for ... [illegible] ... The pens attached to the fountains are of gold tipped with substance in durability little if any inferior to the diamond it may be used also with a steel or quill pen. The fountains when used have a free and equal flow of ink until exhausted.

This article may be had at the American Silk Agency 21 Walnut street, up stairs, or of Herman Hooker corner Fifth and Chesnut streets. [illegible]

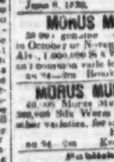
SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK
MANUFACTORY.

South West corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.



THE subscriber have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Tea Spoons, Forks, and other articles belonging to the subscriber's ... manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, are warranted ... our part ... [illegible] ... the lowest possible featuring prices. Persons who wish to purchase are respectfully requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
jan 1 '39—6t R. & W. WILSON.



MORUS MULTICAULIS

IN sets of two to five feet, growing in the State of Virginia, by experienced hands, at the best of ... with a variety of silk worms eggs, offered for sale at the office of the Virginia Silk Agency, Main street, Richmond, by

J. H. D. LOWNES,
Agent for the Planters.

All communications must be post paid. [illegible]

MORUS MULTICAULIS.

THE subscriber is ready to purchase and sell on commission Morus Multicaulis Trees of the present growing crop, at the Silk Agency, No. 390 Market street.

CHARLES CADWALLADER.

June 8, 1839.

MORUS MULTICAULIS IN OHIO.

30,000 genuine Morus Multicaulis Trees, deliverable in October or November next, for sale by the subscriber. Also, 1,000,000 Silk Worm Eggs of the Mammoth White, in ... parcels to suit.

JOHN BOYDEN.
au 24—3m Boydens Centre, near Cleveland, Ohio.

MORUS MULTICAULIS IN VIRGINIA.

40,000 Morus Multicaulis Trees, genuine and also 300,000 Silk Worm Eggs of the Mammoth White and other varieties, for sale by

PETER M. MERIWEATHER,
au 24—3m Keesetteville, Albemarle county, Va.

Published every Saturday,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 Carter's Alley,

Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank.

TERMS—$2 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 50, if paid in advance.
$1 25, for six months.

Payable in Philadelphia without discount or charge. Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher, while arrearages are due.
[illegible] Letters not taken from the Post Office.